
AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E
OF
GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.







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AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E
OF
GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY,

LATE OF COVEVT-GARDEN THEATRE.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

Her original Letter to JOHN CALCRAFT, Esq.
advertised to be published in October 1767,
but which was then violently suppressed.

" The Web of our Life is of a mingled Yarn, Good and Ill
" together; our Virtues would be proud if our Faults whipt
" them not; and our Crimes would despair, if they were not
" cherished by our Virtues."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Act iv. Scene 3.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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THE PATENT OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1880

AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E
OF
GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY

LETTER LIV.

Feb. 16, 17—.

I HAD cleared at my benefit the last season upwards of eleven hundred pounds. This was owing to several causes. I had for some time been allowed to be sole dictatress among the polite ranks in the article of dress. My judgment in this point was held in so much estimation, that the ladies would have been wretched who did not consult me relative to their birth-day or fancy cloaths. A masquerade had been given by the foreign Ambassadors, which was the most splendid entertainment of the kind ever seen in England. This afforded me and my dresser, Mrs. *Tinno*, (whom I had left behind me at Drury-lane when I removed from that Theatre)

VOL. III.

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sufficient employment. Fancy was tortured to fix on different dresses for the crowds of ladies that applied to us. Had I suffered it, there would have been a hundred Eltrudas. Lady *Kildare* and Lady *Granby* were now added to my list of patronesses. In return for the assistance I had given the numerous ladies upon this occasion, they each of them made a point to employ all their interest to encrease the emoluments of my night.

Dr. *Francis* having been promoted through my application to Mr. *Fox*, and his promotion much talked of, I was looked up to as a proper person through whom to seek for preferment. All the military gentlemen, therefore, seized this opportunity to court my favour; and as the surest way to do so, paid a handsome tribute to my theatrical merit. Lord *Kildare*, Lord *Granby*, Mr. *Fox*, and Mr. *Digby*, who was now returned from abroad, took four tickets at one hundred pounds each; and the three last continued their liberality to me till death. All these circumstances combined, account for the largeness of the before-mentioned sum.

I besides received presents from Asia, Africa, and America, together with others the produce of our own climate. In short I was now in possession of every thing that could excite the envy of the world. And yet amidst all this, even in the very zenith of my

my splendour, I was not happy. Like the celebrated Harlequin *Carolyn*, who wept under the masque, while he excited peals of laughter from his admiring audience, my smiles covered an uneasy mind. And many a time when I have been thought by my surrounding guests to be as happy as affluence and the acquisition of fame could make me, I have secretly exclaimed: "Where art thou to be found, O happiness! Thy only residence can be with those blessed votaries to Heaven, who having never experienced the delusive pleasures and corroding cares of the world, secure within the cloistered walls, the peaceful abode of innocence, know not a wish but to render themselves acceptable to their God."

The constant perturbation I underwent from these uneasy reflections, and the unceasing fatigue I had gone through, had greatly impaired my health. It was therefore thought adviseable for me to go to Bristol for a few weeks, before the ensuing season commenced. I was accompanied by the Widow Delany, who, as usual, was generally with me, and who had married one of Mr. *Calcraft's* clerks whose name was *Walker*. When we reached Marlborough, as we drove into the yard of the castle, Mr. *Ryan* ran out to receive me, and greeted me with the pleasing intel-

ligence, that my Daddy *Quin* was in the house ; adding, that he would go and wake him.

It being eight o'clock in the evening, I was apprehensive, from his being in bed, that Mr. *Quin* was indisposed. But I was informed by Mr. *Beard*, who was likewise one of the company, that my worthy friend, having been detained longer in town, the last time he visited the metropolis, than he wished, through his engagements with his numerous acquaintance ; he had made a resolution not to go to London again. And as he did not choose to be totally deprived of the society of a few of his particular friends, he had requested them to make a party, and meet him every summer at *Smith's*. It was agreed that they should remain here till they had drank such a quantity of wine. I cannot now recollect how much that was ; but when Mr. *Beard* mentioned it, I thought it was sufficient to serve them for a year.

Whilst I was receiving this information, by which time we had reached the garden, I heard his much-loved voice calling out to me, "I will come to you presently !" Turning about, I perceived him at the window, with his night-cap on ; and before I could suppose he had pulled it off, he joined us. As he came along, he had ordered *Smith* to dress every thing in the larder ; and if he could procure any niceties in the town, to do so. His orders were obeyed

to

to the very letter of the command ; and my journey being protracted by this unexpected encounter, before ten o'clock we sat down to *dinner*, six and twenty in company, to a table furnished like a Lord Mayor's feast.

Previous to our dining, I had the happiness to enjoy an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with this best of men. In it, I acquainted him with every circumstance relative to myself, that had passed since I saw him last. And as I had the inexpressible satisfaction to find that his friendship was unabated, and he still loved me with the fondness of a father, I received that consolation from his advice, which I always experienced from unbofoming myself to this most disinterested and sincerest of friends. At three o'clock I retired and ordered a post chaise to pursue my journey ; leaving those chearful sons of Bacchus, I cannot say to their *nocturnal* orgies, for it was one of the finest mornings I ever beheld, but to conclude their oblations to his divinityship.—Great geniuses will be excentric—Defying the common rules of common mortals, they will not admit of any restraint from time ; but indulge the vivifying inspirations, till wearied nature, unable to keep pace with the intellectual powers, calls for repose.—This accounts for the not unfrequent irregularities, with regard to hours, of my friend *Quin*.

Upon my arrival at Bristol, I found a letter from my maid, wherein she informed me that her master was laid up by a violent attack of the gout in his head; that my daughter had taken the small pox; and that my mother had indiscreetly suffered the child to lie in her arms, as she had before permitted my son, *George Metham*, to do, which had occasioned symptoms that Mr. *Adair* seemed to think dangerous. This obliged me to remeasure back the road I had just come. My anxiety for my mother, whose tenderness for my child had induced her to run such a risk of her health, she not having had that cruel disorder, as already observed, impelling me to use the utmost expedition, I ordered two additional horses to be put to the chaise, and wished for wings to hasten my journey.

When I again reached Marlborough, which was about two o'clock at noon, I found that Mr. *Quin* was not yet stirring. But as I could not, either from my own feelings, or Mr. *Calcraft's*, whose impatience I well knew, avoid making the most expeditious return, I would not wait till he got up; but insisting upon his not rising, I chatted by his bedside till the carriage was announced to be ready.

When my companion and myself were seated in the chaise, in the course of conversation I found, that though we were both impatient to be in town,
that

that impatience sprung from very different motives. Whilst I was lamenting the cause of my sudden recall, Mrs. *Walker* was pleasing herself with agreeable expectations. Being always above disguise, I had made no secret to her, as she had so long known every transaction of my life, of my having a man of quality as a professed admirer, who was both rich and generous. She from thence concluded, that as soon as Mr. *Calcraft* was dead, I might be induced to form a connection with this nobleman, and thereby have it in my power to be more liberal to her than at present I could be.

She was the more anxious for this event, as she imagined I should then enable her to retrieve a loss she had sustained through her indiscretion. After her first husband, Mr. *Delany's* death, she was unkind enough, though possessed of the ability, to refuse assistance to his sister, who was rather in distressed circumstances. Enraged at this, the sister commenced a suit of law against her ; and as her only surviving child was now dead, and there was no legitimate heir, she gained from her an estate, which her husband had left her for a maintenance. By these interested views were my companion's thoughts agitated during our return, whilst mine were filled with anxiety.

As I shall have occasion to mention *Walker* and his lordship again in the course of my narrative, I shall add nothing further relative to them here, but pursue my journey to London.

Upon my arrival in town, I had the happiness to find that the intelligence I had received of my mother's indisposition was but a false alarm. That Mr. *Calcraft's* gout had only been occasioned by *potations strong*. And that my dear little girl, whom Mr. *Adair* had attended with unremitted assiduity, was thought by him not to be in so dangerous a state as was first expected.

There is nothing excites the tender passions so much as indisposition. To a susceptible mind, a friend or relative labouring under disease and pain, is doubly endeared by the afflictive visitation. At least such have always been my sensations. Which induced my dear departed friend, Miss *Conway*, to declare, that I should make the best * *Beguine* that ever attended an hospital. No wonder then that anxiety took entire possession of my mind, when the angel of death seemed to threaten with his dart the little innocent, whose happiness my own was so entwined with. Mr. *Calcraft* appeared to have no apprehen-

* An order of nuns, who by their rules are obliged to attend the sick.

sions but for the loss of beauty in his darling child, from the disfiguring disease.

This, however, was the least of my care. To me, a want of attraction in her, seemed rather more desirable. Judging from sad experience, I lamented my own power to please. For though *a sense of duty* enabled me to behave with the utmost propriety towards Mr. *Calcraft*; and an absence of almost eighteen months had obliterated all sensations of tenderness for Mr. *Metham*; it was with perpetual regret I reflected, that I had ever had any qualifications which could have been the means of my being forced into a connection with a man I *never could love*.

Cupid has been represented by painters, in the attitude of riding upon the most powerful of beasts, and guiding it according to his will. But it never entered into the imagination of these depicting sons of science, that Love himself was to be rendered subservient to any sway.—He rules with as high a hand as the most despotic sovereign.—And as it is not in the power of mortals to *withstand* his shafts, so neither is it to *direct* them.—The union of hearts is a prerogative in which he will not bear the least controul.—I must therefore stand acquitted for not being able to bestow my affection on a man, whose mind the great Uniter of hearts had not set in unison with my own.

Affection might be counterfeited indeed ; and it too often is ; but the deception cannot last long. Nor would I forfeit that sincerity I so much value myself on, to reign the mistress of the world.

May you, my dear, when your appointed hour comes (for an appointed hour, they say, there is for love as well as death), find, in the man you call your's, a soul congenial to your own ! And may you never know, like me, what it is to bestow your hand where it cannot be accompanied with your heart !

G. A. B.

LETTER LV.

February 23, 17--.

MY favourite *Sterne*, in his *Sentimental Journey*, when he set out in order to wait upon the French minister at Versailles, and went to the count de *B——*'s, exclaims, "I think there is a fatality in it.—I seldom go to the place I set out for." I have frequently made a similar observation (and I think I have hinted something of it in a former letter), which is, that our best laid plans are often circumvented.—Thus, I set off for Bristol, agreeable to the account I gave you in my last, in order to enjoy a few weeks of relaxation from the cares and anxieties

anxieties I was constantly a prey to. But I was not suffered by the invisible agents who make all our moves, to carry my design into execution. I had no sooner reached the place of my destination, than from unforeseen accidents my recall had outstripped myself; my expectations were totally frustrated; and I was obliged to return to accumulated vexations.—Such disappointments, I know, are usually imputed to accident, and lightly thought of. But I cannot help considering them as a part of the arrangement of the aforesaid sportive beings, who are either permitted to enjoy the perplexities which they themselves occasion to poor mortals; or else, they are intended as trials of our patience and submission.—Proceed in your story, say you—I obey.

The next season, from an incidental circumstance, was productive of a considerable addition to my income. Mr. *Barry* introduced upon the stage a young lady, who was unhappily partial to him. Upon her being engaged, Mr. *Rich* requested my permission for her to depute in *Juliet*; which I readily granted. This lady, whose name was *Nossiter*, in addition to a genteel figure, had had a liberal education bestowed upon her by the late Lord *Cholmondeley*, as her mother attended his lordship in the quality of housekeeper.

Barry, who spent his whole income in entertaining his countrymen, upon this occasion brought his Hibernian phalanx to support the lady. He likewise spoke an occasional prologue by way of introduction to her. In this there was introduced a line containing the words, *and just her age*. *Mrs. Cibber* having planted herself in the front row of the balcony, so injudicious a step attracted the notice of *Barry*; and when he came to that sentence, he spoke it so pointedly, that it could not fail of hitting the lady over him; who, though now advanced into the vale of years, still continued to perform the youthful character of *Juliet*. The audience likewise felt the justice of their application. And as they always kindly interest themselves in the success of a new performer, shewed their disapprobation of *Mrs. Cibber's* imprudence, by bestowing a profusion of applause on the new *Juliet*.

I had caused it to be stipulated in my articles, that I was to have a larger salary than any other female performer at that theatre. *Mrs. Woffington* was prevented by indisposition from appearing this winter. And consequently, as *Mr. Barry* insisted upon having five hundred pounds for his pupil, my salary was raised to five hundred guineas. But what was of much more consequence to me, it procured me a considerable relaxation from the duties of the stage, and

and gave me more time to attend to serious avocations ; particularly to the study of natural philosophy, which I had commenced, upon having the happiness of being introduced to Lady *Anson*.

As the concerns of my brother, Lieutenant *O'Hara*, procured me the honour of an introduction to that lady, I will beg leave, as I have not mentioned his name a long while, to devote a few pages to him. The ship to which he belonged being stationed at Gibraltar, of which place Lord *Tyrawley* was then Governor, he frequently went ashore, and was treated with the respect due to his affinity to the commander of the fortress. But his humour one evening overcoming his reason and duty, he justly incurred his father's displeasure. The old veteran having been wounded in almost every part of his body, during the different engagements wherein he had bravely fought, a lameness had ensued. As he was walking up the ball-room, at one of their assemblies, his son, forgetting the honourable cause of his Lordship's limping, *hopped* after him to excite a laugh from the company ; which being observed by, or told to his Lordship, who gloried in his wounds, he never would forgive a son that had endeavoured to ridicule those testimonies of his valour.

Not long after, the ship being ordered upon some immediate service, and the Captain happening to be

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on shore ill, my brother, as first Lieutenant, took the command. During the cruize he fell in with a ship of much superior force, which he bravely fought, notwithstanding the manifest disadvantage; and having dismasted his adversary, brought his own ship off with great skill. By an action so brilliant he acquired great honour; and the affair was much talked of. The Captain in a short time dying, my brother made no doubt but he should be nominated Commander of a vessel which had been saved by his bravery. But he was disappointed in his expectations. Lord *Tyrawley* not being able to forgive the insult he had received from him, he had, with too much rigour, applied to the Admiral upon the occasion, and requested that his son might *not* be promoted to the command.

My brother was no sooner informed by the Admiral of his Lordship's application, than he was incensed greatly both at his father's severity, and the Admiral's too easy compliance with so unjust a request. And in the first transports of his rage, he inclosed his commission to the Lords of the Admiralty, desiring they would offer it up, with their next sacrifice, to the Goddess *Cloacina*. It was expected that my brother would have been called to a court martial for this indignity. But their Lordships taking into consideration the provocation he had.

had received, and attributing his rudeness to them to the unkind treatment of Lord *Tyrawley* and the Admiral, they only entered into an official resolution that he should never be employed in the service more. It was a long while before I could get him reinstated, though I exerted all my interest for the purpose; and it impeded his being made a post-captain for years.

In the prosecution of my brother's reinstatement, I applied to the late honourable Mr. *Yorke*, who was one of the most zealous of my theatrical admirers. I requested of him that he would interest himself with his sister Lady *Anson*, in behalf of my relation; upon which he told me, he would introduce me to her ladyship, that I might plead for him myself. He accordingly did me the honour; which procured me the happiness of being acquainted with that lady.

As the bad state of health her ladyship laboured under confined her much at home, and she had a taste for literature, she applied herself to study, and became an adept in most of the sciences. When I took my leave of her ladyship after my first introduction, she requested that I would call upon her often. And as we generally adopt the researches of those we admire, I resolved to study philosophy; and endeavour, if I could not arrive at the honour of being the first, to be the second female *Newton*. For this purpose I visited the observatory at Flamstead-

stead-house; constantly attended *Martin's* Lectures; and soon became acquainted with the Ram, the Bull, the Lion, the Scorpion, and all the constellations. Having acquired a knowledge of Astronomy, I do not know whether I should not have become an adept in every branch of natural philosophy, had not my humanity stood in the way. For upon seeing a cat tortured in an air-pump, of which, though an animal I have the greatest dislike to, I could not bear to behold the convulsive struggles; I left the pursuit of philosophy, and turned my thoughts to politics.

When I entered upon this science, I determined to become, if possible, another *Maintenon*. Though I could never admire that lady's sentiments in private life, I readily allowed that she possessed great talents in the cabinet. I now studiously sought to acquire a knowledge of the law of nations. I read *Grotius*, *Puffendorff*, and all the great writers upon that subject; and paid as much attention to the study, as if I had been about to be appointed Ambassador to the first court in Europe. What greatly accelerated my proficiency in this branch of science, was my having had the pleasure of meeting *Lady Rochford* at Holland-house.

I need not inform you that this Lady was one of the first wits of her time, and from having been bred

in a court, one of the most polished of women. Her extensive knowledge enabled her to render herself of great service to Lord *Rochford* during his embassies to most of the principal courts of Europe. Though she was thus elevated by her station and great abilities, she had the good sense to be above forms; she made her own etiquette. As I did not accept her invitation so soon as her ladyship expected, she came to visit me. This circumstance not only highly flattered me, but procured me the pleasure of her conversation, which I scarcely knew equalled by any of her sex.—The boasted superiority of the men over our sex in the endowments of the mind, is a mere common-place vaunt.—How many ladies could I point out, from my acquaintance with the great world, whose mental accomplishments are incontrovertible proofs of the fallacy of this much-talked-of opinion! Among these, the lady I have just mentioned was a brilliant instance.

This season I appeared but seldom, as *Barry* revived several old plays, and procured a new one, in order to shew Miss *Nossiter* to advantage. He was obliged to adopt such a measure, the possession of characters being, as I have already observed, esteemed at this time the property of the performer. And it was an invariable rule at the theatre, not to
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make the smallest encroachment on a custom so long established. The new piece he had procured was at length announced. The name of its author, I think, was *McNamara*. I am not altogether certain as to the title of this tragedy of tragedies, but I believe it was christened "*Philoclea*."

The first night of its being performed, I went to Mr. *Rich's*, with an intent to accompany some of his family into the house to see it. By some incident or other we were prevented from carrying my design into execution. About eight o'clock, we were greatly surprised to hear the most violent shouts, and loudest peals of laughter, that can be conceived, issue from the theatre. Our curiosity being now excited, we all hastened in, to know what could occasion such unusual marks of distinction to a *serious* piece. We found the heroine of it, and another female upon the stage; and were informed, that they were the eighth or ninth characters, which had made their exit to be decapitated, and returned immediately with their heads on. This gave the piece, at least, the charms of novelty; and shewed, that the author had adopted *Bays's* mode, to *elevate and surprize*: It could not, however, secure it from being damned.

Among other plays, *Barry* revived "*Busris*." But it was attended with no better success than that of his countryman. And the proprietor, loaded with

with such an additional expence, found this to be the least profitable season of any within my memory.

During the present winter I obtained another patroness, in the young Lady *Essex*. This lady, who was just married to the Earl, was the daughter of the celebrated wit, Sir *Charles Hanbury Williams*. Her partiality for me exceeded all belief. So extraordinary a prejudice in my favour can only be accounted for, by her mother's having never permitted her to go into public till her nuptials took place. It was a first impression; and those are generally lasting. To this amiable young lady I introduced Madam *Montête*, of whom I have already made mention. An honour which she repaid with the loss of her life.

G. A. B.

L E T T E R LVI.

March 1, 17—.

AS you put a stop, or at least my imagination represented you as putting a stop to my reflections at the beginning of my last letter, I shall in this enter at once upon my narrative. Only premising, that you *must* indulge me in them now and then. The observations I am frequently led to inter-

perfe

sperse through my "Apology," are such as naturally arise from the incidents: and they afford a needful relief.—Hold pen!—Shall I not myself be guilty of as great an *Hibernicism* as the author of "Philo-clea," if I make the introductory part of this letter a long one, at the very time I am asserting that I will proceed without any introduction at all?—I fear I shall.—But how to remedy it I know not; unless I either add to my blunder by adding a long string of apologies, or tear to pieces what I have already written.—The former would probably put your patience to too severe a trial; and the latter I am loth to do, lest I should rob you of a smile which this little excursion of my pen perhaps may excite.—I will therefore let it stand as it is, and proceed.

My benefits were increasing every year. And I was now so accustomed to receive the tribute of the public, that I accepted their presents with as much easy indifference as the Princess in *Dryden's Indian Queen* does her lover's laurel. Fashion had for some time made me her standard. But now I reaped more solid pleasure, and more lasting praise, from having my company courted by a * *Doddington*, a † *Lyttleton*, a ‡ *Williams*, and a *Mallet*. To these

* George Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.

† Lord Lyttleton.

‡ Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

I might

I might add the modern *Aristophanes*, and all the wits of the age. And what was still more flattering to my pride, females of the first rank, and those *exemplary patterns of rectitude*, admitted me to their intimacy. A *Powercourt*, a *Dillon*, and a *Tyrawley*, honoured me with their friendship. I visited occasionally those ladies, and, though I was not in a situation of life, even if I had been married, to hope for a return, they always returned my visits, and accepted my invitations. As did also the Countess of *Rochford*, with whom I was lately become acquainted.

Judging by these fortunate circumstances, for which I was more indebted to chance than to real merit, the world supposed me to possess as many mental qualifications, as the superficial ones fashion had given me credit for. I was too indolent to convince them of the contrary. I suffered them to remain in the error. They, however, took it for granted. And though I might not be esteemed by my acquaintance a *first rate wit*, I was termed *extremely clever*. This opinion passed current. And at that time I was too much beloved to have it contradicted.—Thus does our consequence in the opinion of the world generally depend upon circumstances. Whilst fortune smiles, we stand high in their estimation; our most trivial accomplishments are magnified into perfections; and every word we utter

utter abounds with good sense.—Yet let but a cloud appear to darken our prospects, and those who before were charmed with what bordered on folly, now become insensible to our most refined wit.

Mr. *Fox* continued at the head of the same department, with universal approbation. He not only executed his high office with satisfaction to himself, but to those who were dependent on him or had concerns with him. To those who came to transact business, or to solicit such favours as he could with propriety bestow, he gave a ready admission, and sent them away pleased with their reception. But those who applied merely to court the sunshine of his favour, met with an unreserved refusal. He did not, as is too often the case, buoy up their hopes with promises he never intended to fulfil; on the contrary, he put a stop at once to further applications. And thereby prevented his levee from being crowded with vain expectants, to their great inconvenience and loss of time.

Mr. *Calcraft's* agencies increased daily. And my company and business kept pace with that increase. I was so much interested in promoting his emoluments, that I did it at the hazard of my life. Hearing one night, at a late hour, of a promotion that was about to take place, I arose from my bed, to which I was confined by illness, dressed, and went to a masked ball, at the Hay-market, where

where I heard the two gentlemen I wanted to apply to were, on purpose to remind them of their promises. These were Colonel *Lascelles*, and General *Honeywood*. They recollected having given me a promise, and I succeeded in my application. But the fatigue I went through to do this occasioned my being confined to my bed for a fortnight.

The increase of business Mr. *Calcraft* now experienced, rendered it necessary, from the additional clerks and servants which were become needful, to take a much larger house than that we were in at present. As one which was both roomy and elegant was requisite, and likewise that it should be situated contiguous to the public offices, the summer was allowed for the acquisition of such a one. As for my own part, I was determined to have no concern in the transaction. Finding myself near twelve hundred pounds in debt, I declared I would no longer be the ostensible housekeeper. And in order to avoid being so, I resolved on a tour to the Continent, instead of a journey to Bristol, as I at first had proposed. My next inducement in fixing on the former, was to see my much-esteemed friend Miss *Meredith*, who had to appearance almost come to the last stage of her journey through life. Another motive was, that I wished to thank in person Madam *Brilliant* for the civilities I had received from her.

My

My gentleman, who by this time imagined that I had relaxed from my insensibility, and had contracted some regard for him, no sooner thought he perceived this, than from the natural fickleness of his sex, he became indifferent himself. As an indisputable proof, he avowed a partiality for a lady of easy virtue, ycleped *Lucy Cooper*. In consequence of this, he encouraged my resolution of going to France; and we parted equally well pleased.—Is it not strange that there should be this unaccountable propensity in man? What they strive to obtain by vows, by bribes, or the most abject submission; and purchase by whole years of assiduity; is no sooner secured, than it loses its value. “By keeping men off,” as Mrs. *Peachum* tells her daughter, “We do indeed keep them on.”—Had any one told *Calcraft*, when he made use of the arts he did to gain possession of me, that *the very appearance* of the regard he then so earnestly sought, would prove destructive of his love, his answer would have been, “It is impossible.”

My first visit when I arrived at Boulogne, was to the convent of the *Ursulines*, where I had spent so many happy years in the early part of my life, and from whose peaceful walls I had often regretted my removal. I was here a welcome guest. Having from the time of my leaving France kept up a correspondence with the ladies, notwithstanding so many years,

years had since elapsed, I was not totally forgotten by them, as otherwise might have been expected. I continued with them four days, which I passed in sweet converse with the holy sisters, and in the pleasing duties of that religion, the first rudiments of which had been there instilled into my mind.

From thence I proceeded directly to Paris. Had I not been accustomed to attention, my situation here would have been troublesome. There is so much *fadeuse* in the adulation you receive from the French, that it sickens instead of pleases. I was introduced to the *Du Menil*. The *Clairon* and *Lequin* were in confinement for having refused to play upon some particular occasion. When I received this information, I congratulated myself on being a native of Britain; where the laws would have protected me from an arbitrary imprisonment. For I certainly should not have submitted with passive obedience to such an injunction.

I had a very pressing invitation to go to *Voltaire's* elegant retirement at Ferney, where the Marquis de *Vernieu* was then upon a visit; and I was very much mortified that the limitation of my time prevented me from enjoying a happiness I had long languished for: I wrote the reason of my not being able at that time to accept the honour intended me; but promised that I would with the utmost pleasure, make it my *business* the following summer. I marked the day of

my intended return from the south, where the chief purpose of my tour called me ; which would be about the same time, I learnt, that the Marquis was to be in Paris.

Upon my arrival at Thoulouse, which had been the residence of my fair friends the Miss *Merediths*, I found that the eldest, who to all appearance was in good health when she left England, had breathed her last, some few days before I reached the place. I was apprehensive that the melancholy event would have proved fatal to her sister, who had been so long ill, and on whose account they had come to France. But, contrary to all expectation, in a fortnight after her sister's decease, she was so well recovered as to be able to return with me to Paris ; where the gaiety of that lively city, which her indisposition had prevented her from enjoying as she passed through it in her way to Thoulouse, dispelled her grief, and quite re-established her health. The never-failing spirits of the Marquis de *Vernieu* who was returned from *Voltaire's*, together with our trips to the environs, and the *petit soupers* we were incessantly partaking of, made the three weeks which we continued in Paris, fly with the nimble pinions of a dove. So much for my excursion to France ; which not only afforded me a temporary suspension of my cares, but Mr. *Calcraft* time to engage a house.

Upon my return to England, I was set down at
our

our *hotel* in Parliament-street; for so it really was in comparison to the house in Brewer-street. I was very happy to find things *comme ils faut*; in consequence of which my maid was to return to her former situation, and be termed my woman, Mrs. *Clifford*. Mr. *Calcraft* had now fourteen or fifteen clerks, which made the whole of our servants to amount to upwards of thirty. He had engaged a most reputable *maitre d'hotel* named *Quince*, who had lived with Mr. *Pelham* till his death. Having made so considerable an addition to our style of living, Mr. *Calcraft* agreed to allow two thousand five hundred pounds a year for the table; which with the produce of the farm, presents, &c. was fully sufficient to maintain, in this point, the magnificence we were entered into. For though the quantity of the provisions was thus increased, the quality was by no means the same.

From this expensive arrangement, I did not entertain the least doubt but that Mr. *Calcraft* would readily discharge such a trifle as twelve hundred pounds; which was the amount of the debts I had contracted for the house expences, as already observed. The extra ones, which I had incurred by purchases, during my excursion to France, my friend Miss *Meredith* had enabled me to pay. Upon their setting out for the continent, their banker, Sir Joseph *Hankey*, had given them an unlimited credit on a house at Thoulouse; and the sister that died having left

the surviving one the whole of her fortune, the companion of my return was mistress of more than twenty thousand pounds. The sum I borrowed of this lady amounted to six hundred pounds.

G. A. B.

LETTER LVII.

March 9, 17—.

WHEN the winter campaign at the theatre commenced, I found that *Barry* was gone to Ireland in disgust; this had arisen from Mr. *Rich's* not thinking proper to comply with the exorbitant demands he made relative to the engagement of Miss *Noffiter*. Mr. *Sheridan* was engaged for some nights. I was not upon the best terms with that gentleman, for more reasons than one. In the first place I could not forgive his making me pay for the orders I had issued during my being with him in Ireland; and in the next, from a letter he had wrote me, in which he offered me a pecuniary reward, if I would recommend a friend of his to Mr. *Calcraft*, as an Irish agent. I was so displeased at this affronting mode of application, that, although I had heard of the gentleman's worth and could have wished to have served him, I returned no answer to Mr. *Sheridan's* letter; in order to shew, that I was sensible of the affront. I have

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always

always been very particular in refusing every application that has been attended with the offer of a *douceur*. And if a laudable delicacy in points of this kind was more general, places would not so often be filled by the ignorant and unworthy, to the exclusion of merit.

Having very little prospect of employment at the theatre, I requested Mr. *Rich* to give me up my articles; in which, besides the stipulation for my salary, there was an agreement that I should have my choice of parts in all plays which might be acted at that house; but this he would not consent to do. A gentleman of the name of *Sparks*, was engaged by Mr. *Rich* this season; he had great merit in his line of acting; but his chief excellence lay in the infinite humour he was master of when in company, which made his society greatly courted by all his acquaintance.

Early in the season a rehearsal of "The Distressed Mother" was called. Being rather later than usual in my attendance, for I always made a point to be one of the first, to my great surprise, I found Mrs. *Woffington* repeating the part of Andromache. Upon my expressing my disapprobation, that lady, walking up to me, told me, that as my youth and elegance better suited the character of Hermione, and that I might also enjoy the happiness she knew I should have in shewing my new Parisian finery, she had been

induced to take the part of the Queen. Without deigning to return an answer to my insulting rival, I immediately sent for Mr. *Rich*, and told him what was going forward. The manager, without any hesitation, reinstated me in my character; and Mrs. *Woffington* was obliged, against her will, to appear in *Hermione*, and to her very great mortification, in a dress that was not over clean.

"Oedipus" was soon after revived. And in order to shew the hero and *heroine* of the piece to the greatest advantage, Mrs. *Woffington*, upon account of her figure, was chosen to represent the latter, and I was to appear in the character of a young princess. I did so. But on the first night of its representation, overcome by the horror of the piece, and by my fright at seeing the ghost of *Laius*, notwithstanding I had been so long used to the stage, and all its feigned terrors, I fainted away, and was carried off in a state of insensibility. When I recovered my senses, I was informed, that the audience, as much terrified as myself, had retired, and left Oedipus and Jocasta to croak at one another, in a dismal *tête-à-tête*.

"Phædra and Hippolytus," in which I was honoured with the part of another princess, was also got up. Of this character, from the piece's being so short-lived, I recollect as little as I do that of Hippolytus, which I have been trying to call to memory, but without success. The illness, which proceeded
from

from the fright just mentioned, lasted a considerable time, and prevented my playing much, till the benefits, when I was fully employed.

After I had received the emoluments of my own benefit, I proposed to settle all my bills; and for this purpose I shewed Mr. *Calcraft* those which had been left unpaid at the time we quitted Brewer-street; these, by their accumulation between the period of their being delivered in, and our removal from thence, were now encreased to upwards of thirteen hundred pounds; having deliberately looked over them, and seen their amount, he plainly told me, that he could not pay them: he said, that his expences were very great; and as my income was so considerable, it was more than sufficient, *with œconomy*, to support so small a family, with the four hundred a year he had allowed towards it. He then asked me what I had done with the thousand pounds in bank notes, that I had received at the time of my quarrel with Mr. *Metham*, of which he now acknowledged himself the donor, as well as of the fifty for my Tunbridge horses. I was thunder-struck at this direct refusal of his paying these debts, for I not only flattered myself that he would have discharged them, but the six hundred pounds I had borrowed of Miss *Meredith*.

As soon as I could recover from my confusion, I arose up to leave the room; but he prevented me from going, fearing I should quit the house: this I

certainly should have done, as I despised him for his meanness. I must here stop to remark, that even in the midst of my chagrin at Mr. *Calcraft's* behaviour, I received great pleasure from the information, that I was not indebted to the nobleman I suspected for the thousand pounds; especially as his Lordship had seemed to consider himself at liberty to solicit my favour ever since my disunion with Mr. *Metham*.

Mr. *Calcraft* having detained me, he concluded with saying, that if I would once convince him that I knew the value of money, he would give me a thousand pounds for every hundred I then required. Tired with this *pecuniary* conversation, which always was the most unpleasing to me of any, and now holding him in sovereign contempt, I replied, that I left it to plodders like him, who were possessed of no other knowledge, to set a value upon such trash. Upon this he pulled out his pocket-book, and laying down three hundred and odd pounds, which with the thousand and fifty before received, just made up the amount of the bills owing, he walked down to his desk, there to bless the Mammon, by which he hoped at some future period, to purchase himself a title, or at least to become through it, a leader in the House of Commons. That these were his sentiments, I shall hereafter have occasion to evince.

I had been told, a few days before the above conversation between Mr. *Calcraft* and myself took place,

place, that a lady, who would not leave her name or any message, had called upon me several times, and as she said, by my own appointment. As I was punctilious, even to the very letter of the word, I was surprised at my having been guilty of such a breach of good manners; I accordingly gave orders to the porter (for such a domestic was now become necessary to us) that the stranger should be admitted whenever she came again.

I had scarcely composed myself from the agitation in which Mr. Calcraft had left me, and had just sat down to breakfast, when the person was shewn in. But how shall I describe to you the figure that entered the room? Picture to yourself a tall, thin, pale, dejected woman, in whose looks was accumulated every degree of distress and misery. Yet there shone through all this wretchedness something which seemed to declare that she was not born to suffer indigence. I requested her to sit, and enquired her commands. She then informed me, that having lost the use of her hand, she had been obliged to another to enable her to address me. And as the reason was assigned in the letter which she had sent me, of her not giving me then an explanation, she reminded me, that I had kindly wrote an answer, in which I had desired to see her. As soon as she mentioned this I recollected the circumstance.

Upon my pressing her to drink a dish of chocolate,

she requested, as my maid was in the room, she might be permitted to speak with me alone. Had she known the goodness of *Clifford's* heart, she would have esteemed this request unnecessary. As soon as my maid had quitted the room, the stranger threw open a decent cloak that covered her, and displayed such a scene of wretchedness, as an attempt to describe with minuteness, would almost call my veracity in question. Let it suffice to say, that her gown, or the garment which had once been a gown, had no sleeves to it; two pieces of cloth were fastened close to her sticks of arms, which if possible, made them appear thinner than they were. In short, the whole of her dress conveyed such an idea of extreme penury as I had never been a witness to upon any occasion before. This distressful sight awakened within me every compassionate feeling; and I was now as much affected by the tender passions, as I had just before been moved with resentment.

She proceeded to inform me, that she was the unfortunate widow of the late Sir *James Lindsay*, who had been first lieutenant of a man of war, and blown up in it during an engagement. She said, as the match between Sir *James* and herself had been more incited by love than prudence, his father, upon his decease, had left him a very small estate only, together with a title, which was rather an incumbrance to
those

those who had it not in their power to support the dignity of it. She added, that she had five children.

Her eldest son, Sir John, had been taken from her by his uncle, an eminent merchant, and from whom he had expectations of a future support. Her eldest daughter, during the time she lay in with one of her other children, had, through the carelessness of the servant, fallen out of a window, by which she had broken one of her legs. An amputation followed, and she was otherwise rendered a cripple. The terror, arising from the sad catastrophe of her dear husband, had thrown her into labour sooner than nature intended, when she was delivered of a boy, who, to all appearance, would prove an idiot; as, at four years of age, he could not feed himself, or speak articulately.

These accumulated sorrows, added to the most pungent distress, had greatly injured her health, and occasioned the loss of her limbs. She had, however, at length recovered the use of all but her hands, by which alone she could support herself and four children; her pension, fifteen pounds a year, badly paid, being barely sufficient to procure a habitation for them. She had been obliged to part from every thing upon which she could raise money. The hat and cloak she had on, the only decent part of her apparel, were borrowed. She concluded with saying, that she had been advised to apply to me,

and encouraged by the character I bore for humanity, she had taken that liberty.

The money Mr. *Calcraft* had left me was still lying on my dressing-table. I took up what there was, and gave it to her. It amounted to a few guineas only. But the sum exceeding her expectations, the poor woman was ready to faint with transport. As soon as she was a little recovered, and had found the power of utterance, half choaked with the fluttering emotions of her grateful heart, she said, "I did not mean, Madam, to intrude upon your generosity, but"—

She had proceeded thus far, when Mr. *Fox* entered the room. He saw me so affected, for affected indeed I was, that he was going to retire. Upon which I ran to him, and taking hold of his hand, exclaimed, "O, my dear Sir, you are the very person I want!" As I had never taken the liberty to lay hold of his hand before, and now pressed it most vehemently, he imagined from that, and the agitation of my whole frame, that something of the utmost consequence must occasion it. He therefore enquired in what he could oblige me. I repeated to him the affecting tale, simply as I had just heard it. At the conclusion of it, I found that I still pressed his hand between mine, and that I kept him standing. I was confounded. The earnestness with which I interested myself in my petitioner's woes, made

made me forget the decorum due to the person to whom I was applying in her favour.

I had been in many delicate situations before, but never felt myself in so awkward a one as the present. I could not prevent my tears from flowing; and I found *simplicity* to be more efficacious in pleading my own cause, as well as that of my supplicant, than all the studied arts of eloquence. Never did two hearts more abound with the milk of human kindness, than my own and that of the worthy man before me. Whilst humanity beamed from his countenance, he condoled with the lady on her misfortunes, and bidding her be comforted, told her, he would see what was to be done for her. Then taking out his pocket-book, he gave her a bank-note. The value of it I did not see. My unfortunate visitor was oppressed before, but now she was overwhelmed. She spontaneously fell on her knees. Her streaming eyes and grateful looks thanked us with inexpressible energy; but her tongue refused its aid upon the occasion; and she took her leave, without being able to utter a syllable.

I own I felt myself happy when Lady *Lindsay* quitted the room. My sensibility was wound up too high. It became painful. Mr. Fox walked to the window, and by the use he made of his handkerchief, I found that his eyes bore witness to the benevolent emotions of his heart.

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In the month of March following, I had the pleasure to inform Lady *Lindsay* in person, that her four children were placed upon the compassionate list, with an appointment of ten pounds a year each; and further, that his majesty, in consideration of her late husband's having lost his life, whilst he was bravely fighting in his service, had granted her fifty pounds yearly out of the treasury, in addition to her pension.

When I had made her happy with this pleasing intelligence, I asked her why I had never seen her since her first application to me? She replied, that the alteration in her family had taken up all her attention; and as she thought I felt too much at her distress when she first made me acquainted with it, and perceived that nothing could hurt me so much as thanks, she had refrained from giving me further pain. She told me that she supposed I had been made acquainted with Mr. *Fox's* bounty, who had provided against her wants for some time, by nobly giving her, in the bill I saw, fifty pounds.

Lady *Lindsay* added, that her eldest daughter, the cripple, was happily released by death from her miserable situation; and that the child of whose mental faculties she had been apprehensive, was now, to her great comfort, become one of the most sprightly boys of his age. She much regretted his not being at home to thank me; but, continued her Ladyship, we pray for you and our worthy benefactor

nefactor every night and morning. Just as I was taking my leave, the little fellow came in; and from the description his mother had, I suppose, given of me, immediately knew me; for he ran to me, and, kneeling down with a graceful ease, kissed my hand. I raised and caressed him; and desired his mother would bring him often to see me, it being only over the way, as they lived but in King Street.

Never did I feel more real happiness, than in being the means of relieving this amiable woman and her family from the extreme distress in which they were involved. The same pleasing reward attended, I doubt not, the great and good man, to whose noble beneficence that relief principally owed its furtherance. How supremely blest are those who possess as he did, the power, as well as the inclination, to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate!

I can scarcely refrain here from entering into a long eulogium on that first of virtues *benevolence*; but having done it in a former letter, I shall refer you to that for my sentiments on this noblest propensity of the mind.

G. A. B.

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LETTER LVIII.

March 21, 17—.

WHILST the scene described in my last letter passed in my dressing room, Mr. *Fox*, who had an eye like an eagle, cast them upon the part of *Alzira*, which lay upon my dressing table. I saw that he wished to speak to me relative to it, but some company coming in, immediately as Lady *Lindsay* went out, he was prevented from having an opportunity to do so. A gentleman had, at my request, altered some passages in the tragedy, which I proposed taking for my benefit, and in which he * was to play *Zamor*. This gentleman had talents for the stage, and made the first attempt on it this season; but he was a better critic than an actor, and equally as good a play-wright as a critic: he has for some years quitted the stage for the bar, at which he makes a conspicuous figure.

As there was company in the drawing-room when the Secretary at War came to dinner, and he was impatient to speak to me concerning the part of *Alzira*, he desired I would permit him to accompany me into another room for a few minutes. Mr.

* Mr. Murphy.

Calcraft

Calcraft having been informed that Mr. *Fox* had been a considerable time in my dressing-room during the forenoon, he made no doubt but that I had been complaining to him, and acquainting him with the nature of our connection; an event which he much dreaded: and his suspicion was confirmed, by seeing his patron enter without me, and not appearing to be pleased. When the ladies and myself withdrew from table, his apprehensions increased by seeing Mr. *Fox* take hold of my hand as I passed by him, saying, at the same time, "I desire you will." Nor were they lessened by hearing me reply, "I will consider of it,

The ineffable contempt I had shewn towards *Calcraft* in the morning, had greatly alarmed him. His *conscience*, (no, let me correct that word) his fears lest his deceptions should be discovered, excited in his breast unusual perturbations. For he still wished to preserve *the appearance* of that principle for which he had hitherto been famed, and which had procured him, as I have already observed, the title of *honest Jack Calcraft*. It was not from any incitements of rectitude, or of humanity to me, nor from any regret for the falsehoods he had imposed upon me relative to his patron, (the particulars of which will be presently developed) but the censures of the world, and the blasting his *undeserved* good character, that he was apprehensive of;

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the time, however, was not yet arrived, when a discovery of his cruel duplicity was to take place.

His insolence and meanness made me despise, though I did not as yet hate him. His love of money increased every day. And from accumulating, as he did, a fortune so rapidly, he assumed a consequential air, which rendered him ridiculous even to his own servants. For, endeavouring to appear the great man, his ignorance led him into vulgarity. Indeed, he possessed two qualifications necessary to the acquirement and enjoyment of a fortune, and those in an eminent degree. These were the art of keeping a ledger, (which I have already celebrated) and an excellent judgment in wine. In the latter he was a complete connoisseur. And as the interest of his patron, and his connection with me, procured him the honour of the best company at his table, he had an opportunity of displaying this valuable branch of knowledge.

A propriety of demeanour upon an elevation from a low station of life to a high one, is what cannot be acquired by a *little* mind. The same meanness and contraction of soul will accompany them, though they are elevated to the highest rank, and become possessed of princely fortunes.---The only way that can enter into their narrow conception of increasing their consequence proportionably to the increase of their wealth, is by assuming an haughty air, and an
insolence

insolence of carriage towards their inferiors. An assumption which only serves to point out the plainer, to every discerning observer, the rise that has taken place.—This counterfeit dignity sits as awkward upon them, as Beau *Clincher's* cloaths upon *Tom Errand*.—It is not only an infallible criterion by which to know the line they have been brought up in, but is a true barometer of their sense and accomplishments.

As soon as I had left the room, Lord *Melcombe* rallied his friend, Mr. *Fox*, on the little inexplicable familiarity which had just passed between him and me. As the gentlemen present were all such as he could confide in, Mr. *Fox*, in return, acquainted him, that what he had said to me as I went out, related to something which concerned them all. He told them, that, as he had reason to believe I knew the author who had written a parody in one of the public papers, which was replete with wit and satire, and discovered a fund of political knowledge, and whom they had endeavoured in vain to find out, he had been trying to get me to give him up. He added, that his suspicions first arose from some papers he had cast his eye upon as they lay upon my dressing-table.

Mr. *Calcraft*, being relieved by this explanation from the apprehensions he had entertained, sent up, as master, for the part of *Alzira*, which had given rise to Mr. *Fox's* supposition; but I absolutely refused

fused to send it, not knowing but I might injure the author. My refusal hurt his pride ; he, however, made another attempt to obtain it ; and for this purpose constituted the chaplain his ambaffador. I was ftill inexorable ; and continued fo, till I was affured it could not poffibly be attended with any bad confequences to my friend. What the refult to him was, I know not, but Mr. *Calcraft's* anxiety had not paffed unobferved. Doctor *Francis*, who was in my intereft, attributed it to jealousy. The reft of the company, however, imagined it to proceed from fome greater caufe ; and his patron, very foon after, took occafion to fpeak to me upon the topic.

Our fuccefs this feafon at the theatre was not much more brilliant than the preceding. Mifs *Neffiter* had returned from Ireland, where fhe met with difapprobation, more from *Barry's* fupposed attachment to her, his wife being one of the beft of women, than from her want of merit as an actress. Upon her return, fhe engaged herfelf at Covent-Garden. Mrs. *Woffington's* ill ftate of health obliged her to decline acting this feafon. Mr. *Smith* and Mr. *Rofs* were not capital men ; the former was by no means fo well skilled as he now is.

My partiality for Mifs *Neffiter* increafed our acquaintance to an intimacy. This unfortunate young woman, unfortunate from her imprudent attachment, was infinitely more agreeable in a room, than
fhe

she was upon the stage. As I have already said, she was genteel and accomplished; and when she could forget what preyed upon her heart, her conversation abounded with lively sallies. But these, however entertaining at the time, might not appear so sprightly when repeated. Miss *Meredith*, who was now my constant companion, was charmed with her; which occasioned her being frequently in Parliament-street.

Mr. *Rich*, wearied out with the succession of bad houses, produced by the pieces which were then performed, thought of reviving the "Prophets" of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. His chief inducement was, because he could introduce into it a good deal of machinery, which, it is well known, was his hobby-horse. In particular, he contrived to bring on a number of dancing chairs.

I was not at all mortified at being left out of this piece, as I had now perpetual employment at home. Mr. *Calcraft's* business was so much increased, that he could not copy all the private letters; therefore, as I wrote remarkably quick, and could be confided in, I was chosen amanuensis to the Secretary at War and his Commis.

This new employment gave me more frequent opportunities of being alone with Mr. *Fox* than I had hitherto been. One evening, as we were together, he revived the occurrences of the day on which Lady

Lindsay

Lindsay had called upon me. I found that he had taken notice of Mr. *Calcraft's* confusion, and that he had likewise observed the bank bills which lay near the part of the play which had caught his eye. These circumstances excited his curiosity, especially as he knew that *Clifford* was the keeper of my cash, except of that belonging to my play-purse.

As he had begun the topic, I informed him of the whole of the conversation, as near as I could recollect, which had passed between Mr. *Calcraft* and myself that morning. I had no sooner done so, than he expressed his surprize that Mr. *Calcraft* did not own me publicly as his wife. Had a thunderbolt that instant riven my heart, it could not have received a more violent concussion. I had only power to exclaim, "O, Sir!" and then I burst into a flood of tears. When I was a little recovered, I asked him if he had not been, and still was, a *bar* to such an union? He assured me to the contrary. To which he added, that both *Lady Caroline* and himself had always concluded that we were really married. Upon which I related to him all that had passed at Mr. *Garsell's*. When he heard this, he seemed to be as much confounded as I had been. He, however, advised me not to take the least notice of what had now passed between us, but to leave the event to time; as in my present situation (I was then pregnant) a dispute, which must be the natural result, might

might be attended with disagreeable consequences. He concluded with assuring me, that as he had been made an actor in the affair without his knowledge, he would, on some future day, take a part in it.

I returned Mr. *Fox* thanks for the assurance he gave me of his friendship, and promised to be guided by him, in a point which required so much circumspection, As for Mr. *Calcraft*, the indifference I had hitherto entertained for him was now grown into perfect contempt. I had before despised him for his meanness, I now hated him for his duplicity. We had, however, very few opportunities of entering into conversation with each other, his time being engrossed by business, and mine either by the employment I had entered upon of writing letters, or by company. But notwithstanding such was the disposition of my mind towards him, I continued to be as anxious as ever to promote the business of his office.

Mr. *Fox*'s popularity was at this time arrived at such an height, from the opposition he made to the Marriage Act, that his chariot was carried upon the shoulders of the crowd, for several days together, from the Parliament-House to Conduit-street. Mr. *Grierson*, Curate to Mr. *Wilkinson*, a surrogate of the Savoy, was the first, and I believe the only clergyman who fell a victim to the injudicious arrangements of that act; an act, from which the
most

most fatal effects to society have resulted ; for, to the obstructions it has placed in the avenues which lead to the temple of Hymen, might, in a great measure, be attributed the numbers of unhappy females who infest the streets of this metropolis, to the great annoyance of the modest part of the sex.

For a breach of this law, in marrying Mr. *Vernon*, the singer, to Miss *Poiter*, the dancer, this clergyman was committed to Newgate ; and being tried, was sentenced to be transported. One evening Mr. *Ridout* came into the green-room, and informed us, that having been to the prison, to see Mr. *Griereson*, he found him on the common side, with the most abandoned felons ; and in want of every necessary. I had no sooner heard this account, than my humanity was awakened, and I determined to exert myself in favour of the unhappy man. For this purpose, in the first place, I begged the favour of Mr. *Ridout* to return upon his steps immediately, and in my name request of Mr. *Akerman* to take the old gentleman under his care, and place him in as commodious a situation, as his confinement would admit of. This Mr. *Akerman* readily did, and I have always esteemed myself much obliged to him for so doing. He removed him from the common side to his own house and table, where he continued, till the hour arrived for his going abroad. In the mean time, we collected a large purse for him ; and Mr.

Fox furnished him with credentials to secure him a living when he arrived at the place of his destination. But the poor old man had suffered too many hardships before I heard of his unhappy situation, to reap any benefit from Mr. *Fox's* goodness. The sufferings he had gone through, and the uneasiness of his mind, aided by the inconveniences of the voyage, put a period at once to his troubles and existence, before he reached the coast of America.

A ridiculous circumstance.—The reflection of a moment tells me, that the ridiculous circumstance I am about to mention will stand a better chance of having the desired effect, if it be not related immediately after the foregoing anecdote.—It will be necessary that the compassionate emotions excited by the latter should be permitted to subside, and that the mind recovers its usual tone, before the chords receive a quicker vibration from a laughable incident.—As in music, too sudden a transition from slow and solemn strains to quick and lively ones, rather bewilders the senses than rouses the passion intended, so in writing.—But why should I enter into a long discussion of what must appear very plainly to you? You see, as clearly as I do, that it will be proper to make a pause between the preceding sad incident and the succeeding merry one.

G. A. B.

LETTER LIX.

March 30, 17—.

A Ridiculous circumstance happened during the getting up of the "Prophetess," which, though trivial in itself, as it shows the absurdity of the times, I am induced to give an account of. Mr. *Ross* did me the honour to consult me in what manner he should dress the character of the Roman Emperor. I gave him such directions as in my idea appeared most consonant to the character. Among other things, I recommended to him to have a wig made as near a head of hair as it could possibly be. He told me that Mr. *Rich* thought it should be a *full-bottomed* one. I could not help smiling at such an absurdity. But putting on a grave look, I replied, "Then let it be as large a one as you can get. And to render yourself the more conspicuous," continued I, "must not you wear a hoop under your lambers?" The serious air I assumed whilst I uttered this deceived the hero, notwithstanding the proposal was so apparently preposterous; and he determined to adopt the mode I had pointed out.

Thus bedizened when he came on, the night of representation, there never surely appeared on any stage so grotesque a figure. The house was in a
roar.

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roar. But no one was more diverted with the humorous scene than myself. By this joke, which I could scarcely believe passable, was every person present, except the poor Emperor himself, indebted to me for a laugh which I thought would never have an end. It, however, was attended with a good consequence, by breaking through one of the most absurd customs that was ever introduced on the English stage; that of dressing the Grecian and Roman heroes in full-bottomed perukes.

The foregoing instance reminds me of a custom just as glaringly preposterous, which is common on the French stage. I have there seen *Le Quin*, in lieu of a helmet, sawing a little Spanish hat and feather between his hands, in the character of *Orestes*, when every other part of the dress has been truly Grecian.

My benefit this year was, as usual, very brilliant; and lucrative to an excess. But the tragedy of "*Alzira*" has too little of incident, and too much of declamation, to suit the taste of an English audience. The pieces which were performed not being in my line of acting, I had not much business at the theatre this season. I was not, however, much concerned at the want of employment there, and was very happy when it concluded.

The following summer our house at Hollwood was crowded so much, that it really became trouble-

some. I had some time before made Lord *Granby* a present of a very fine horse, which Lord *Tyrawley* had sent me from Gibraltar. It was one of the swiftest of its species Arabia ever produced; and was able to carry any weight, which rendered it invaluable. The happiness I received from being able to make *such* a present to *such* a man, equalled the value of the gift.

Mr. *Calcraft*, who always liked to see me well mounted, desired Captain *Shastoe* to look out for a good horse for me. The Captain informed him, that he himself had one of the finest mares that ever was mounted, but she was so spirited, that he could not, at times, hold her in; therefore he was sure no woman could manage her. My gentleman, having a great opinion of my skill in riding, (*or secretly wishing that my neck might be broke in the attempt*) laid a considerable wager, that I could not only ride, but completely manage her. He accordingly at dinner acquainted me, that he had made a purchase for me of the most beautiful mare that was ever seen.

The next day she was brought down to Hollwood. We all admired her; but it was with the greatest difficulty that I could be persuaded to get upon her back. What made this reluctance the more extraordinary was, that my courage had hitherto never been known to fail me, as I was esteemed one of the boldest riders in the kingdom. I could truly
say

say with Sylvia, "I could follow the cry of the
" hounds all day, and the sound of the fiddle all
" night."

I have already told you, that a presentiment always casts a gloom over my mind before an ill be-
tides me. Upon this occasion I heard its secret
whispers, and found it too true an augurer. A party
of us set out for an airing together. At first we on-
ly went a gentle canter. But coming to a field
where a labourer officiously ran to open the gate ;
an implement of husbandry he held in his hand,
glistening against the sun, so frightened my steed, that
it flew away like lightning. Notwithstanding my
boasted skill in horsemanship, I had no longer com-
mand of it ; and the company imprudently pursuing,
that served to augment, if possible, its velocity.

Finding my left hand now fairly pulled out of
joint, by endeavouring to rein the unmanageable
beast in, and observing that we drew near the brink
of a stone quarry, which it was not in my power to
prevent it from taking, I threw myself off. But
by the time I could do this, I was so near the edge
of the pit, that I fell directly into it, and was sup-
posed by all the spectators to be dashed to pieces.—
Could I but have foreseen the miseries which have
since befallen me, (I am tempted, upon this occa-
sion, once more to exclaim) it would have been hap-
py for me had the expectations of the company been

fatally fulfilled.—But I was reserved to experience yet greater evils.

Before the companions of my ride came up, I had recovered from the insensibility the fall had occasioned, and was endeavouring to rise. This, however, I found it impossible to do, as my shoulder was dislocated, both the bones of my left arm broken, and my hand hanging to it, as if it was a separate member. An officer that was in company, and who had in a battle sometimes been obliged to undertake such offices, bound up my arm with handkerchiefs. A carriage was immediately procured, and I was conveyed home.

As I did not choose to trust to the skill of any of the country surgeons, a servant was dispatched upon the run-away beast to town, to call in Mr. *Adair* to my assistance. Upon this occasion its speed could make the only atonement for the mischief it had done. That gentleman being at Richmond when our messenger arrived, his coming down was retarded some hours, which obliged me to lie, during that time, in a most disagreeable and painful situation. Whilst he was setting the joint of my wrist, surprised at my not crying out, he turned round to see whether I was insensible; by which means the bone slipped out of its place. A circumstance that has deprived me of the power of turning that hand ever since.

During

During my confinement by this accident, (as misfortunes seldom come alone) I met with one of the severest losses I had ever felt. Mr. *Calcraft* coming one day into my room to enquire after my health, I took notice that he seemed uncommonly thoughtful. Upon which my second-sight instantly visited me, and I cried out with emotion, "Bad News from America!" To this he only replying with a shake of the head, I exclaimed, "My fears are too prophetic, and I have lost a second father." He then informed me of all the circumstances of the defeat and death of my much-beloved friend General *Braddock*. I had no sooner received the heart-rending intelligence, than I gave way to the most unbounded grief; which brought on a fever, and I lay for some time in a dangerous situation, from these complicated oppressions.

This great man having been often reproached with brutality, I am induced to recite the following little anecdote, which evidently shews the contrary.

As we were walking in the Park one day, we heard a poor fellow was to be chastised; when I requested the General to beg off the offender. Upon his application to the general officer, whose name was *Dury*, he asked *Braddock*, How long since he had divested himself of brutality, and the insolence of his manners? To which the other replied, "You never knew me insolent to my inferiors. It

“ is only to such rude men as yourself, that I be-
“ have with the spirit which I think they deserve.”

I likewise, during the same interval, received news of a different nature. News, which had it not, from some untoward circumstance, proved delusive, would have enabled me to avenge myself in the most satisfactory manner of *Calcraft's* fallacious conduct. The fortune I should have received, would have entitled me to a far better match than himself; and which, had it taken place, I am well assured would have impelled him to an act that would have prevented his dying a natural death.

A few days after I had recovered from my fever, (which, I must here remark, was said to hasten the knitting of the bone of my arm, an event that had been prolonged by too even a circulation of the blood) Mr. *Calcraft* came into my room, crying out in extacy, “ Your fortune is made; your fortune is “ made.” I could not conceive what occasioned this uncommon salutation. But, upon enquiring, he produced a daily paper, and read a paragraph which particularly concerned me. It was therein mentioned, by way of advertisement, “ That a “ short time before, *Thomas Sykes*, Esq; died in the “ South of France, and had left his fortune in the “ English funds, and his property at the Hague, “ both of which was supposed to be very consider- “ able, to Miss *Bellamy*, belonging to one of the the-
“ atres.

"atres. Further particulars were to be learnt by
"enquiring of Mr. *Loyd*, Garden-Court, in the
"Temple."

I did not at first recollect that I had ever heard, or had any knowledge, of such a person; the affairs of the nation at that time engrossing every thought, and lying as heavy upon my neck and shoulders, as they did upon *Obadiah's* in "The Committee." At length, after a short pause, the gentleman whom I had accidentally met some years before, at my cousin *Crawford's* at Watford, and who hinted to me about being president of the female parliament, presented himself to my imagination. And I could not help considering this conclusive oddity as a most judicious winding-up of his truly singular character.

Mr. *Calcraft*, who never lost sight of the homage due to *Plutus*, the only divinity he adored, hastened away to the Temple. When he got there, Mr. *Loyd* informed him, that a will, to the purport mentioned in the news-paper, had several months before been brought to him for his inspection. Of this he shewed Mr. *Calcraft* a copy, telling him, that if the original was not in the possession of Mr. *Sykes* himself when he died, it most probably was in the hands of Mr. *Crawford*, who had chambers in the same court, but whose residence was at Watford.

Mr. *Crawford* not being in town, my zealous
D 5 friend

friend turned his horses' heads towards Hertfordshire, and away he posted to Watford. He there learnt from Mr. *Crawford*, that Mr. *Sykes*, before he left England, had enquired much about me; and being told I was then in Paris, said, he had no doubt but he should meet with me at some of the public places there. He further heard from him, that the servant who had attended Mr. *Sykes* to the South of France, was soon expected to bring to England the will, together with the remains of his master; as he had particularly requested that they should be deposited in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. *Crawford* concluded with assuring him, that he had every reason to think I should have at least fifty thousand pounds in consequence of this demise; of which a very considerable sum was at that time in the funds.

Mr. *Calcraft* had prepared himself to offer a sop to this Cerberus, had he been able to produce the real testimony of my good fortune. It, however, once more brought me acquainted with my Machiavilian cousin, who in the end convinced me, that if he could not prove my claim to so much property, he would at least endeavour all he could to deprive me of what I had.

Upon further enquiry Mr. *Calcraft* found, that every article of the information he had received from Mr. *Crawford* was true. But it happened unluckily for me, that Mr. *Sykes's* servant, willing to secure
those

those effects belonging to his master, which he had with him, and thinking his remains would rest as quietly in the place where he died, as in St. Margaret's, Westminster, neither thought proper to bring the will nor the body to England. He, however, took care to secure himself an asylum, which has never yet been discovered. Some years after, when I visited Holland, I heard, that as no legal claimant had for so long appeared, the estate and personal property in that country fell to the States. The money deposited in the English funds, for the same reason, still remains there.

Thus did my expectations, with regard to my great fortune, like all my other hopes, vanish into air.—Have I not reason to exclaim, think you, as I have more than once done in the course of my narrative, that I am the most unfortunate of women?—Why are we thus teased with the representation of distant pleasures, only that we might regret their being snatched from us?—The evils of life are sure and lasting; the joys, fallacious and short-lived. But I shall tire you with the repetition of these gloomy reflections. I will endeavour, therefore, to avoid them in future as much as possible.—The most pointed stings of recollection only shall draw a sigh from me.—And yet, smarting as I am under the lashes of fortune, how hard will it be for me, when the causes pass in review before me, to refrain from

D 6

complaints!

complaints!—Though I cannot say, but that I expect from your friendship a sympathizing tear, as your eye glides over the most disastrous circumstances of my life, yet I would not wish them to distress you too much.

G. A. B.

LETTER LX.

April 8, 17—.

MR. RICH was very pressing for me to come to town, long before my arm would permit me to do so. At length, I found myself so well recovered as to attend the duties of the theatre. The first character I made my appearance in was that of Rutland, in the "Earl of Essex." When I came to the mad scene, I threw myself on the floor as usual; and, in order to prevent my late fractured arm from receiving any injury from the fall, I fell on my right side instead of my left. Mrs. Clive, who was in the boxes, observing this, her good nature got the better of her recollection, and she cried out, "O, she has broken her other arm!" The audience took the alarm, and, still honouring me with their favour, called out, with a kind concern, for the curtain to be dropped. But finding, by my agility

agility in rising, that I had not hurt myself, they suffered me to proceed ; and I concluded the scene with more applause than ever I had received before. And that owing, in a great measure, to the affectionate impromptu which had sprung from that excellent woman's heart.

We endeavoured to fix on pieces in which Miss *Nessiter* could appear with me. And she was making a progress, which would have rendered her more than a *useful* member of the theatrical community. But, alas ! these blossoms were not suffered to ripen. A frost, a killing frost, bespread by the cold breath of disappointed love, nipped their root, and with them the fair tree untimely fell. Hearing that *Barry* had left his wife, and had formed a connection with Mrs. *Dancer*, she took to her bed ; and, in a very short time, concluded both her theatrical and mortal race. By her death, she left her faithless lover to enjoy her fortune, and to present her diamonds, &c. to her surviving rival.

This season Mrs. *Gregory*, afterwards Mrs. *Fitzhenry*, a pupil of Mr. *Sparks*, debuted in *Hermione*. She promised to be a valuable performer, though not in the spring of youth, nor of the first degree of elegance. Her figure was showy, but not delicate ; her voice had power without sweetness ; yet there was something in the *tout ensemble* which made her appear, for some little time, with reputation.

She

She played the character of Alicia, that season, for Mr. *Sparks's* benefit and mine; and the next, appeared in *Zara* for that of her instructor; when I performed *Almeria*.

Upon this lady's return from Ireland, some years after the æra I speak of, she appeared at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the character of Calista; and I was very much concerned to find, that she was not received with that eclat I hoped for. Indeed, I entertained the most sanguine expectations that she would meet with a favourable reception, from the time we played together in the "*Distress'd Mother*." So much interested was I in her success, that when, in the character of *Andromache*, I again resumed my regalia, we were mutually obliged to part with some portion of our finery, behind the scenes, as she was not at that period in possession of jewels. I have often inquired about this lady, but for years have not been able to get any intelligence relative to her.

About this time Lord *Tyrrawley* returned from his government at Gibraltar. Soon after his arrival, his Lordship was summoned to appear before the House of Commons. This was done at the instigation of a nobleman, more distinguished for the brilliancy of his talents than for his personal bravery. The accusation against him was upon account of the great expenditure that had taken place, during

during his government, for the repairs and improvement of the fortifications.

Upon his appearance before the House, he only said, that as he had never been an oeconomist of his own money, but made use of it when occasion required, he had laid out the public money whenever he judged it to be necessary. He was accordingly acquitted with honour. As soon as his acquittal was pronounced, he drew a letter from his pocket, and desired it might be handed to the Speaker. This was found to be a letter from the King, containing his Majesty's approbation of his conduct, and condescending to thank his Lordship for having taken such needful precautions to secure a place of so great consequence.

The House requested to know, why his Lordship had not mentioned this circumstance before; as it would have satisfied all their doubts, and have saved them a great deal of trouble? His Lordship replied, that his having been flattered in so singular a manner by the approbation of his royal master, was of itself a sufficient exculpation. But in order to shew that he was worthy of so great a happiness, he wished to be exculpated by the nation likewise, whose soldier he was.

Some time after, Lord *Tyrawley* was named as President of the Court-Martial which was to try the very Peer, at whose instigation his Lordship had been called

called before the House of Commons ; but his Lordship begged leave to decline the honour. He acknowledged, as a reason for doing so, that it was well known he would not be partial even to his own son ; nor should any consideration induce him to give a vote, in any case, contrary to his real sentiments. Notwithstanding which, as circumstances, from report, seemed to be much in disfavour of the Noble Lord whose conduct was to be the subject of enquiry, the opinion he gave upon the occasion might possibly induce illiberal persons to attribute his decision to what he was incapable of, retaliation.

His Lordship's arrival in England greatly embarrassed me. I well knew that if he would not visit me whilst I lived with Mr. *Metham*, he certainly would hold no correspondence with me, were I upon the same terms with a man who was in no shape his equal. However, as *Calcraft* had talked seriously at the time he heard of Mr. *Sykes's* death, of our being soon married, I resolved to let the dial point, though it spoke not. His Lordship therefore, taking it for granted, that we were legally united, made one in our parties. And in a short time after, though it was attended with very great inconvenience to himself, he made *me* his agent. His regiment being the Coldstream, the agency was very lucrative. Mr. *Calcraft* promised to give me the emoluments, but I never received a single guinea.

Lady

Lady *Tyratuley* was the only person, among my female acquaintance, who knew, of a truth, my real situation. She honoured me with as sincere an affection as if I had really been her daughter. To her Ladyship was I indebted for my introduction to an intimacy with the late Lady *Powerscourt* and the dowager Lady *Dillon*. As she looked upon the contract Mr. *Calcraft* had given me as an actual engagement to marry me, she made no scruple to hint to those ladies that I *was* married. And as they were patterns of virtue and due decorum, no one imagined they would so far transgress the rules of both, as to visit a person where the connection was of a less honourable nature.

Lord *Digby* having been indisposed, he resided for some days at Mr. *Calcraft's* house, left his mother, whose affection for him was unbounded, might be too much alarmed. But he removed, as soon as possible, to enjoy, what he preferred to all human enjoyments, the felicity of making a mother happy. Having the most tender affection for his mother and brothers, he lived with them in a moderate, regular manner, without indulging himself in those excesses the juvenile part of the nobility generally run into. As this young nobleman might be truly denominated a miracle of nature, a *rara avis*, from the many great and good qualities he possessed, I must here dwell a little on his character, and give you an anecdote

anecdote or two of him that greatly redounded to his honour.

With a most beautiful figure, he was blessed with the best of hearts. He was generous, without being ostentatious; and though he had travelled, modest to a degree. He spoke little, but what he said declared that he possessed great good sense. He was never known to say an unkind thing, nor to be guilty of an unkind action, to any person whatever. His Lordship's mother, and my valuable friend, Mr. *Fox*, were twins; and the affection which subsisted between them, was as uncommon as the circumstance of their birth.

Lord *Digby* came often to Parliament-street, and as I had by this means an opportunity of observing his conduct, I could not help remarking a singular alteration in his demeanor and dress, which took place during the great festivals. At Christmas and Easter he was more than usually grave, and then always had on an old shabby blue coat. I was led, as well as many others, to conclude, that it was some affair of the heart which caused this periodical singularity. And this was no improbable supposition.

Mr. *Fox*, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as, in general, he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. Upon his expressing an inclination to that purpose, Major
Vaughan

Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his Lordship's motions. They accordingly set out; and observing him to go towards St. George's Fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea prison.

Wondering what could carry a person of his Lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they enquired of the turnkey, if a gentleman, describing him, had not entered the prison. "Yes, Masters!" exclaimed the fellow, with an oath; "but he is not a man; he is an angel. For he comes here twice a-year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day." "Do you know who the gentleman is?" enquired the major. "We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but by his humanity, and his blue coat."

The gentlemen having gained this intelligence, immediately returned, and gave an account of it to Mr. Fox. As no man possessed more humanity, (of which I have already given a proof) than the Secretary at War, the recital afforded him exquisite pleasure. But fearing his nephew might be displeased at the illicit manner in which the information

tion had been obtained, he requested that we would keep the knowledge of it a profound secret.

I could not resist my curiosity of making further enquiries relative to an affair from which I reaped so much satisfaction. I, accordingly, the next time his Lordship had his alms-giving coat on, asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress? With a smile of ineffable sweetness he told me, that my curiosity should soon be gratified; for, as we were *congenial souls*, he would take me with him, when he next visited the place to which his coat was adapted. A compliment more truly flattering and more acceptable to *me* than *any* I ever had, or could receive.

The night before his intended visit, his Lordship requested that I would be in readiness to go with him the next morning. We then went together to that receptacle of misery which he had so often visited, to the consolation of its inhabitants. His Lordship would not suffer me to enter the gate, lest the noisomeness of the place should prove disagreeable to me; but he ordered the coachman to drive to the George Inn in the Borough, where a dinner was ordered for the happy wretches he was about to liberate. Here I had the pleasure of seeing near thirty persons rescued from the jaws of a loathsome prison, at an inclement season of the year, it being Christmas; and not only released from their confinement
but

but restored to their families and friends, with some provision from his Lordship's bounty for their immediate support.—I will not pretend to describe the grateful tribute his Lordship received upon the occasion from the band he had just set free; nor the satisfaction he reaped from the generous deed. I participated in the heavenly pleasure; and never was witness to a more delightful scene.

How shall I tell the sequel of the tale!—But it must be told.—Yet whilst I do it, I am almost ready to accuse Heaven of unkindness, in untimely cutting off so fair, so sweet a flower, the pride of the English garden. His Lordship went some few months after these beneficent acts, to visit his estates in Ireland. Where, being obliged, by the mistaken hospitality of the country, to drink more than he was accustomed to do, and that at a time when he was indisposed from a violent cold, a fever, attended with a putrid sore throat, was the fatal consequence. And—*drop not, thou selfish tear!*—my amiable young friend was removed to those realms, where alone his expanded heart could find its benevolent propensities indulged and rewarded.

By the death of this valuable young nobleman, the poor were deprived of a generous benefactor, his acquaintance of a desirable companion, and the community of one of its brightest ornaments. But to no one was his loss more grievous than to Major
Vaughan,

Vaughan, to whom he was an unknown patron. The Major regularly received a benefaction of fifty pounds every quarter, which he concluded to come from *Earl Fitzwilliam*; that nobleman, with whom he had been bred up, having always held him in great esteem. But upon the death of *Lord Digby*, the bounty was found to flow from his liberal purse.

The Major was, indeed, highly esteemed by every one that had the pleasure of knowing him. He had been bred up by his father, with the hopes of succeeding to a large estate. But the old gentleman dying suddenly, and intestate, the Major not being legitimate, his only inheritance was a good education, and one of the best of hearts. And, notwithstanding this disappointment, he was of a disposition as cheerful as if he possessed millions. Just such a man must have been *Hamlet's Horatio* *. The beauty of the description, added to the similitude of the character, tempts me to insert the whole of so applicable a passage.

doſt thou hear?
 Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
 And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
 Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf; for thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe,

Whoſe

* *Hamlet*, Act III. Scene IV.

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
 To sound what stop she please. Give me the man,
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.

The length of my letter reminds me of drawing towards a conclusion. I cannot, however, do so, till, excited by the loss of my much-regretted friend, I have devoted a few lines to the censure of that injudicious custom which cost him his life. The idea of *hospitality* entertained by the inhabitants of our sister kingdom, is certainly a false one; or rather, the error lies in its being carried to an imprudent extreme.—In their estimation, hospitality can be only shewn, by prevailing on their guests to taste of every viand their tables, which are in general luxuriously spread, contain; and by forcing them to sit till so many bottles are emptied. The greatest pleasure an Irish gentleman can know, is to send his friends reeling from his table.—Mistaken people!—True hospitality consists in combining an unrestrained freedom, with a hospitable anxiety that your guests go away pleased with the entertainment they have received.—Whilst you press with a bounteous heart, and help with an unsparing hand, never lose sight of that liberty which alone can make your treats acceptable. Remember that a *Digby* fell by an ill-timed compulsion.

G. A. B.

LETTER LXI.

April 15, 17—.

LADY *Caroline Fox*'s indisposition obliging her to go to Bath, the Secretary at War spent the greatest part of his time with us. Mr. *Pitt* having attacked, in the House of Commons, the memory of the late Lord *Orford* (Sir *Robert Walpole*), who had been a patron both to him and to Mr. *Fox*; the latter defended the cause of his departed friend. This occasioned the first difference between these two great men. The Secretary at War, however, procured by it his Sovereign's affection, together with his personal thanks; as his Majesty still retained a great regard for a nobleman who had been so faithful a servant to him.

I will here attempt to give you the political characters of these two great competitors for glory, Mr. *Fox* and Mr. *Pitt*. Their qualifications were as different as their persons. Mr. *Pitt*'s abilities, as an orator, were undoubtedly astonishing. Yet, at times, put the matter he had uttered upon paper, it appeared superficial; and it was often satirical to a degree of abuse. His person claimed your admiration. With an elegance and grace which led your mind captive while he spoke, and with eyes that darted fire, he
generally

generally began low, but at length gradually worked himself up, as well as his auditors, to a strain of enthusiasm. His voice was powerful, and at the same time melodious; particularly the middle pitch of it, which secured articulation, and prevented the last word from being lost. He was likewise one of the best *actors* I ever saw. I will not even except *Garrick*. To evince which, I will relate a scene I had the pleasure of being a witness to.

An honourable * relation of Mr. *Pitt's* generally thought fit, during the time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, to entertain the house of Commons with sounding forth his own praise. This egotist one day spoke an euloge on himself, in which he too frequently repeated the word *where*. Mr. *Pitt's* patience being exhausted, he arose from his seat with inexpressible grace, and seemed to be making his way out of the house. But stopping short, when he came close to the minister, who was still speaking, he *sung* aloud, with great humour, "Gentle shepherd, tell me *where*, tell me *where* : gentle shepherd, tell me *where*." And he continued to do so, till he reached the lobby. This occasioned an universal laugh; and the right honourable speaker retained the nickname of *Gentle Shepherd* for the remainder of his life.

* Mr. George Grenville:

Whether it was from indisposition, or to convince his hearers, that he could lead them with one hand, I know not, but Mr. *Pitt* often had his left hand in a sling. The natural grace he possessed, and the acquirements he was master of, put it, however, out of the power of any situation or attitude to render him unpleasing.

His contemporary, Mr. *Fox*, neither equalled him in voice, manner, or person. But he greatly surpassed him in solid judgment, quick discernment, and an unbiassed, unalterable *amor patriæ*. As he did not deal so much in the flowers of rhetoric as Mr. *Pitt*, his speeches did not strike so forcibly, till considered. But they were founded on the firmest basis, *truth*. His voice was sonorous, but his delivery, at times, was not so pleasing as it was at others.

From the length of the debates occasioned by this rivalry, the House frequently sat very late. It has often been morning before we sat down to dinner. And we seldom had less in number at our table, even at that hour, than twenty. The master of the house increased his fortune by this resort of company, but he by no means cultivated his understanding, polished his manners, or opened his heart. The latter still continued as fordid as ever, except indeed in his table, on which he spared no expence,

as he was a voluptuary, in the strictest sense of the word.

His brother, Mr. *Thomas Calcraft*, had been indebted to him for an education, at the same school he himself had been bred, at Leicester. And my gentleman thinking, as he was the elder, and the first hope of the august family, that the younger ought not to be more learned than himself, he quarrelled with me for insisting that he should be placed, for some time, at the academy in Soho-square. This young man was, in every point, a contrast to *bonest Jack*, now translated to 'Squire *John Calcraft*. He was genteel in his figure, with a face, which, had it not been for the ravages of the small pox, would have been handsome. In his disposition he was generous, and as unlike his brother, in every respect, except the love of the bottle, as it was possible for two human beings to be.

When he came to a proper age, Mr. *Calcrafft* got him a commission in the army, where his rise, as may be supposed from his brother's great interest, was extremely rapid. Being about to set off to join his regiment in Scotland, his brother *nobly* gave him two guineas, over and above what was to pay his stage. And upon my expostulating with him upon the impropriety of such a measure, he told me that I made the boy, by my indulgence, as extravagant as myself. To which he added, that he was

glad he was going where he must correct it. As it was impossible for me to despise the mean wretch more than I did, and as I would as soon have attempted to stop Folly in her course, or to have solved the most difficult problem in *Euclid*, as to endeavour to reform such an animal, I made no answer to this reflection.

Mr. *Fox* made a point of procuring for his Commis every thing within the reach of his interest, or of his power with his Majesty, which was then very great. Besides *ninety* regiments to which Mr. *Calcraft* was agent, and likewise six independant companies, together with the coals and clothing to the colonies, he had been named pay-master to the board of works, and deputy commissary of the musters. His Majesty having frequent occasion to sign his name to papers, wherein my gentleman was mentioned, he was led to enquire who his beloved cousin * *John Calcraft* was? This notice of his Sovereign, added to his princely income, made him conceive himself really a man of great consequence; and determined him to satisfy the royal curiosity, and commence courtier on the next birth-day.

As my taste in dress induced the gentlemen to consult me as well as the ladies, Mr. *Calcraft* did me the honour to ask my advice upon this impor-

* In all patents the term *cousin* is used.

tant occasion. As he was a man of business, I recommended him to have a brown reteen, which at that time was much wore, with a white sattin lining, and gold buttons. This drefs I thought would at once be fuitable to his profefion as a financier, and hide his ungenteel deportment and uncouth figure, which, by the bye, was not unlike that of a drayman. But not approving of my fancy, he determined to follow his own; which, when the long-expected day arrived, afforded great entertainment to my company as well as myself.

The day at length arrived, and upon it all those who had consulted me with regard to their drefs, and those who upon other occasions visited me, came, in their way to Court, to make their obeifance, and to shew their clothes. Lady *Rochford*, being in mourning at this time for her father, which prevented her from going, her Ladyship did me the honour to spend the day with me, in order to partake, in some degree, of the pleasure of it. The bevy of belles and beaux who called upon me was no inconfiderable one. And among them, to my unspeakable surprize, who should make his appearance but my own would-be beau, bedizened out in a milk-white coat, apparements of blue velvet, waistcoat and breeches of the same, and adorned with embroidered silver frogs.

The grotesque figure he cut induced the Countess

of *Rochford*, in the first emotions of her surprize, to cry out, "*Ab, quelle figure !*" The exclamation struck the gentleman so forcibly, that he hastily retired, and left us to laugh and pass our comments upon his absurdity. — I have often wondered how persons, without being able to form the least pretensions to taste in dress, will venture, by adopting their own ideas, to render themselves conspicuously ridiculous. They do not consider, that fashion is the child of adoption, and more arbitrary, whilst she reigns, than even the Grand Sultan. — Whether Mr. *Calcraft* went to Court in his fine clothes I know not, nor ever gave myself the pains to enquire. But, at dinner, he appeared in his blue frock; and, till he had drenched himself with champaign, which he drank as small beer, he seemed to be mortified at having, in the forenoon, contributed to the mirth of the company.

Some time after he presented me with his picture in miniature, drawn in the very identical clothes he had worn on the birth-day. But here his parsimony would not permit him to make the present a genteel one. For, not willing to put himself to the expence of brilliants, he had it set round with rose diamonds. As I always had an invincible aversion to any finery, which was not the compleatest of the kind, I never wore the picture, nor do I know what became of it.

Our

Our brother *Tam* soon returned from Scotland, and was honoured with a commission in the guards. He now rose to the dignity of being my dangler. And as I had become as fond of him as if he had really been my brother, I took some pains to polish him. The ground was good, and repaid the tillage. The 'Squire, however, remained totally unimproveable. His ignorance was beyond belief; and he gave the most glaring proof of it one day. Being upon a party at Cliefden, and the company admiring the gladiator, he simply asked what a gladiator was? The company were greatly surprized, as you may naturally suppose. The noble host, however, endeavoured to cover the ignorance of his guest. But ever afterwards I insisted upon his silence, in cases of this kind, at least, when I was present. At the the same time, I expressed my surprize, that, as he piqued himself on being a proficient in the great art of boxing, he should be unacquainted with his eldest brother the prize-fighter.

From this time he was generally silent in company. And as he never attempted any thing like wit himself, he endeavoured to appear to understand it in others. This appearance, however, was of the same species as the admiration of *Boniface* for the Latin Language; though he did not understand a word of it, he loved and honoured the sound. Never was a character more justly defined than his,

in the following inimitable lines of Shakspeare * :

The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concords of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

To this perfect delineation of his character, it is almost unnecessary to make any addition. I must, however, as it is become the present subject of my pen, enlarge a little upon it.

As I have already observed, he had naturally a sound understanding. His mental faculties were strong. And had they been properly cultivated, had he received the advantages of a good education, he would have been a dangerous member of society. For he was ambitious to a degree ; and cared not at what expence, or risque, he carried his ambitious views into execution. In the same manner he gratified all his passions. But, upon every other occasion, he was cold even to cowardice. He was, besides, rapacious, insolent, and *mean* to the lowest pitch of parsimony.

Such was the wretched being I thought I was doomed to spend my life with—who was to be the

* Merchant of Venice, Act V. Scene I.

partaker of all my pleasures and all my cares—to whom I concluded I was united by indissoluble bonds.

I should not here draw such an unfavourable picture of a man who has so long since been despised and forgotten, had he not prevented the publication of a letter of mine to him, which I advertised some years since, and which contained a portrait of him, drawn in much stronger colours. Had this letter been published, it would probably have shortened his days, as he had at that time *dared* to get a right honourable intimate of his to introduce him as an *honourable* lover to a younger branch of one of the first families in the kingdom.

I must just mention, that I am indebted to him for *one* pecuniary favour, and only one, during the nine years and a half we lived, or rather breathed together. Captain *Frank O'Hara*, my brother, whom I seldom heard of or saw, but when he was in want of money, or in confinement, sent me a note, acquainting me, that he was arrested, and confined at a sheriff's officer's house in Stanhope-Street, Clare market, for a debt of sixty pounds, which his father, Lord *Tyrawley*, refused to pay for him. Upon my shewing the note to Mr. *Calcraft*, he took the direction down, and immediately went to the place. He there found the son of *Mars*, accompanied by a fair attendant upon *Venus*; and having discharged

the debt, brought my brother home with him. Upon his return, he gave me such a description of the transaction, as carried with it an appearance of humour, though of *low*-humour. And this was the only time he was ever able to please me.

What a declaration from a woman, whose heart was cast in one of nature's softest moulds; and who was so susceptible of even the minutiae of courtesy, as to be ever ready to exclaim with that most susceptible of mortals, Sterne, "Hail ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! Like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door and let the stranger in."

G. A. B.

LETTER LXII.

April 23, 17—.

THE time of my benefit approaching, my night happened to be fixed, so as to fall on that of Mrs. Cibber; and as that lady's interest and mine clashed, and it was likewise an opera night, I requested Mrs. Hamilton to let me have her Monday, and take in exchange my Saturday. The credit of having the *first* benefit in the season prevailed, and she consented

sented to exchange with me. As her interest did not lie among the box people, it was immaterial to her.

She accordingly fixed on the "Rival Queens." And notwithstanding it happened to be a very wet afternoon, a great concourse of people for the second gallery attended. As soon as that part of the house was full, she disposed of the overflow in the boxes and upon the stage; wisely preferring their two shillings a-piece to empty benches. The heat of the house occasioned the wet cloaths of the dripping audience to send forth odours not quite so sweet as those of Arabia.

Not being accustomed to such effluviæ, I gave the preference to lavender-water; with which I impregnated my handkerchief, and held it to my face. Mr. *Ross*, who played *Alexander*, happened that night to be in one of his *active* dispositions, and intending to do the part justice, which was fully in his power, when he did not choose to *walk* over the course, he enquired why I hid my face from him whilst he was paying homage to my Queenship. I, as usual, played *Statira*. To which I answered, that I did it because I was just suffocated with the stench; the people smelling so of *tripe* that they were horridly offensive.

The Gentleman, out of humour at my delicacy, put what I had uttered into his own tramontane language, and told the lovely *Roxana*, that I had said

her audience *stunk*, Enraged at so great an indignity thrown on such a number of her worthy friends, who had endangered their lives, from being wet to the skin, in order to pay their respects to her, she formed a resolution to mortify me in my turn.

Accordingly on the Monday, at half an our after six, just before the play should have been begun, she sent me word that she would not perform the character of *Lady Graveairs*. It became necessary, from so late a disappointment, to make an appology to the audience, for the delay that must ensue. *Ross*, who loved mischief as well as he had done whilst at Westminster-School, enjoyed the storm which he himself had raised, and would not make the Apology. *Smith* had kindly undertaken to play Lord *Foppington*; but he was so frightened, that he could not do it. Lady *Betty* was therefore obliged to show her flounces and furbeloes before their time, in order to request the patience of the audience, till Mrs. *Vincent* could dress for the part which Mrs. *Hamilton* was to have performed.

My petition was granted with repeated plaudits; and with an assurance from Mr. *Town* and his associates, that they would revenge my cause. This they did the very next night; when Mrs. *Hamilton* played the Queen in the "Spanish Friar," and myself *Elvira*. The majesty of Spain then appeared in all
the

the pomp of *false jewels*. She was so remarkably fond of these false gems, that *Colley Cibber* compared her head to a furze-bush stuck round with glow-worms; as her hair was extremely dark, and she had an objection to wearing powder.

Upon her entrance, she was saluted in a warmer manner than she wished, and was prevented for some time from speaking by that most disagreeable of all sounds to a dramatic ear, whether author or performer, *hisses*. At length, upon the tumult's ceasing a little, she advanced, and addressed the audience in the following Demosthenean stile: "Gemmen and ladies! I suppose as how you hiss me, because I did not play at Mrs. *Bellamy's* benefit. I would have preform'd but she said as how my audience stunk, and were all *tripe* people." When the fair speechifier had got thus far, the pit seemed one and all transported at her irresistible oratory. For with one voice they *encored* her, crying out at the same time, "Well said, *Tripe!*" A title which she retained till she quitted the theatre.

Having mentioned in the foregoing anecdote, that Mr. *Smith* played Lord *Foppington*, I must just observe, that his performance of that character was so much beyond expectation, that I have often wondered he did not pursue that line of acting. Nor is his excellence in performing the part, my only motive for introducing

introducing that gentleman again to your notice ; it is likewise to give you a specimen of his wit, and his promptitude to take advantage of an incidental circumstance, which the character gave him an opportunity of doing.

Mrs. *Hamilton's* refusal to play for my benefit, brought on a conversation in the Green-Room ; during which, I foolishly said " I never am two hours " in the same mind ; for the divine *Shakspeare*, as well " as *Rollin*, have painted *Cleopatra*, as actuated by the " same sentiment."

Mr. *Smith*, who was present, did not let so singular a declaration pass unnoticed, and he instantly determined to make a proper advantage of it. Accordingly, as we were playing together the characters of Lord *Foppington* and Lady *Betty Modish*, upon my making the apology in the last scene, with an inexpressible grace, and a nonchalance which happily became the character, he made me the following reply: after respectfully bowing, he said with a smile, " O, " Madam ! I beg your ladyship will not be under the " confusion of an apology on my account, for I am " never surprised but when a lady continues in the " same mind two hours together. It was that enchanting variety which captivated the imperial " Anthony, and made him think *a world well lost* in " gaining *Cleopatra*."

I could not help laughing at the humorous impromptu,

promptu, and the audience, although they were unacquainted with the circumstances that had occasioned it, showed, by their loud plaudits, their approbation of it.

The season turned out more lucrative to the proprietor than he had reason to hope, from the weakness of his company; especially as it was opposed by *Garrick, Mossop, Woodward, Cibber, Clive, and Pritchard*. At the conclusion of it, I found myself pressed for money. I had encreased my debt with *Miss Meredith* to twelve hundred pounds; and I owed as much more to *Deard, Massineuve, and Lazarus*, for an addition I had made to my jewels.

This being my situation, I determined to come to a serious explanation with *Mr. Calcraft*. But he always had such crouds of company, that I scarcely ever was with him alone. I likewise was prevented by that inexpressible aversion I always had to enter into a conversation on money matters. And more particularly so, when I had occasion to solicit from the person I despised, what he would term a favour. This made me prefer borrowing some hundreds of *Mr. Sparks*; which he was happy to lend me, as he foresaw a return that in the end doubly repaid him.

The present summer was productive of nothing agreeable. Lord *Tyrawley* wrote to his lady, requesting that she would join with him in disposing of the
Blessington

Blessington estate. This estate was to come to Lady *Tyrawley* upon the death of her brother, the Earl, who, together with his lady, were in a deep decline, brought on by the loss of an only son. Upon this occasion her ladyship asked my advice. I gave it as my opinion, that she ought to return his Lordship a positive denial. For, as he had already disposed of every acre of his own estate; and from having brought him no fortune, she had only a nominal eight hundred pounds a-year, badly paid; so that if his Lordship died before her, she would have nothing to live upon but her pension as a General's widow; I told her the estate he requested her to sell would prove a good reserve for her.

Her Ladyship accordingly followed my advice; which I ingenuously acknowledge I was the more induced to give her, as she had frequently said, she would leave what she died possessed of to myself and my children. She immediately wrote him word, "That she was sensible of her duty as a wife, though his Lordship, till then, had forgot he was her husband. And as he had given such incontrovertible proofs of his disregard for her, she must so far take care of herself as to prevent her having nothing but an Irish title to support her in case of his demise." She added, "that if his lordship could inform her how to dispose of that title, she was very willing to sell it a bargain."

Lord

Lord *Tyrawley*, in return, wrote her Ladyship, "That he had always thought her *head* was bad, but "now he was convinced her *heart* was equally so." To this Lady *Tyrawley* instantly replied, "My Lord, "I never piqued myself upon the goodness of my "head; and my heart has been so long in your "Lordship's possession, I really cannot answer for it." This laconic epistle highly offended him. And having heard of her Ladyship's intimacy with me, he imagined I had dictated it. He, however, gave me credit for what I had no claim to; as I actually knew nothing of the answer, till some days after it was sent away.

I was just at this time obliged to go to Malmesbury, to visit some ladies, who took particular care to feed their *poultry* in an extraordinary manner for my reception, and who disgusted me as much with their over-grown appetites, as with their insipid conversation. From thence I proposed going to Bristol. But as my last expedition to that place was shortened by illness, so this was prevented by a concern of another nature. I was remanded back on account of there being, very unexpectedly, a contested election at Windsor, for which place Mr. *Fox* was member. Notwithstanding his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland had been so uncommon a benefactor to that town, and a constant employer of the poor of it, the inhabitants were so ungrateful as to support a person almost

almost unknown, in opposition to the Duke's avowed friend Mr. Fox. They were however unsuccessful.

As several of my intimates lived in the neighbourhood, who had influence with the voters, and to whom it was thought necessary that I should apply in person, to solicit their interest for Mr. Fox, an express was sent to me; and I hastened away to this place of noise and confusion. As soon as I arrived, I desired Sir *Francis Delaval* to endeavour to find out Mr. *Nutball*, a solicitor, who was a very bustling man, and well versed in electioneering affairs. He had offered his service to Mr. Fox by me; but the offer was refused upon account of his partiality for Mr. Deputy *Paterfon*. In consequence of this refusal he attached himself to Mr. *Pitt*; who afterwards appointed him Solicitor of the Treasury, and rewarded him with many other emoluments.

As I was standing at the door of the inn, waiting for Sir *Francis's* return, with Master Fox, late Lord *Holland*, by my side, a fellow came up with a bludgeon in his hand, and aimed a blow at the young gentleman, crying at the same time, "No Foxes! no *Doxies*!" Providentially a person behind levelled the fellow to the ground, just time enough to prevent the blow from taking effect. Sir *Francis Delaval* returned at that instant with Mr. *Nutball*, and the fellow was secured. But as it was judged that

that he was sufficiently punished for his brutality by the severity of the blow he had received, and by the bruises his fall had occasioned, he was suffered to depart, on promising not to intermeddle any more with the election.

The alarm Master *Fox* received from this incident, had such an effect upon his mind, that it brought on him a disorder, named *St. Vitus's Dance*; which affected him, upon any little disappointment or vexation, to a most violent degree, and he laboured under it for several years.

The next winter, I was witness to a paroxysm of this disorder, which much alarmed me. Both the young gentlemen being come from Eton, they waited upon me, to request that I would use my interest with Mr. *Rich*, to get the tragedy of "*Alexander*" performed the next night; Master *Charles* having heard such an account of it as excited his curiosity. They waited in my dressing-room whilst I sent to the manager. But, for some reason which I could never find out, Mr. *Rich* sent back a refusal. The vexation occasioned by this disappointment brought the fit so violently on Master *Fox*, that the fright almost deprived me of sense; and it was some time before I recovered.

When I returned to Hollwood from Windsor, I went across the country, in order to avoid London; and made what haste I could, in expectation of finding

finding some agreeable company there. But, to my great surprise, there was no person but Doctor *Francis*, who was now become one of the family. I had long promised a visit to that son of wit and humour, *Foote*, who then occupied one of Sir *John Vanburgh's* houses upon Black-Heath. This seeming a favourable opportunity, I proposed to the Doctor to take a ride over the next day.

The reverend gentleman cheerfully consenting, we mounted our horses, and set out for the residence of the celebrated *Aristophanes*. We found with him Mr. *Murphy*, and an author of the name of *Clealand*. As we had arrived at this habitation of laughter early, and there was no garden to walk in, or lands to amuse us, by way of relaxation, till the convivial meal made its appearance, the master of the house proposed going to the sale of the Dutchess of *Bolton's* furniture. 'This celebrated lady had lately paid the debt of nature. And as she was elevated to her high rank through her excellence in playing *Polly Peachum*, as is well known, I wished to see her residence. I therefore readily consented to the proposal, and soon remounted my horse.

After waiting some time at the door, without the the gentlemen appearing, I sent in my servant to expedite them. Upon which Mr. *Murphy* came out laughing, and informed me, that the Doctor's sacerdotal dignity had just paid him a visit, and re-presented

presented it to him as inconsistent with his cloth, to appear with an actress in public. How such a whim could strike him at that moment, when he not only condescended to live in the house with me, but gladly accepted of a place in my box at the opera, plays, and oratorios, I did not give myself the trouble to account for, as it was truly ridiculous.

At the same time I possessed too much apathy to take offence at the absurdity of a man, who, upon other occasions, I had observed to be guilty of the same kind of folly, though not pointed personally at me. For, before this foolish freak, he had always treated me with the highest respect, and an apparent gratitude; both of which he testified by a demeanour nearly bordering on servility. Nor could I account for this sudden alteration, unless it was the result of a little debate which happened at breakfast between him and me, relative to *Mason's* "Elegy to Dr. Hurd," printed with his "Caractacus." This I warmly admiring, and the Doctor not happening to be that morning in a mood to suffer contradiction, he probably took this method to repay me for daring to praise any production but his own "Demosthenes." He had just translated that work; and though the translation was almost as frigid as his "Eugenia," his patron Mr. Fox raised a subscription for him, which amounted to a thousand guineas.

We, however, set off without the sanctimonious
divine;

divine; and, at our return, found that he had mounted his prancing nag, and taken himself back to Hollwood; leaving good company, an excellent dinner, and what he preferred to every other earthly happiness, *curious claret*, together with the society of *Comus's* favourite son, a treat that was sought after by every one who had a relish for genuine wit and humour. Mr. Foote excited a laugh at the Doctor's expence, by declaring, that at times he possessed the pride and insolence of a Cardinal *Wolsey*; whilst, at others, he had the meanness, servility, and black-guardism of a *Buckhorse*. Having ordered the chaise to come for me in the evening, I set off for London, instead of returning to Hollwood; and left the Doctor to keep company with himself.

Was it not for a few instances which we find strewn thinly here and there, in the records of the actions of mankind, there would be great room to doubt whether gratitude ever grows on this sterile globe of ours.—It certainly is an exotic; and there seem to be but few minds in which it finds a kindly soil.—A review of some of my foregoing letters will prove, beyond a contradiction, that the seed of this same virtue had either never been planted by nature in the breast of the good Doctor, or that it had not received due culture; or else, that it was choaked, when it put forth its earliest buds, by the native briars and thistles, pride, arrogance, selfishness, and deceit,

deceit, which there grew luxuriantly around it. —
Which was the cause of the want of this necessary
property of a *good* mind, I will not pretend to de-
termine.

G. A. B.

LETTER LXIII.

April 29, 17—.

WHEN I arrived in town, I found that Mr. *Calcraft* had set off for *Grantbam*, to preserve his sister from the wicked arts of false, deluding man. Mr. *Medlicote*, of whom I have made mention in one of my former letters to you, had visited that place, and laid out all his attractions to captivate Miss *Calcraft*. This young lady, who was of a sprightly disposition, and tired of living a single life, lent a willing ear to the addresses of this accomplished fellow, and vainly supposed he would marry her. But finding her mistake, she wrote her brother word of her situation.

My hero set out, with a determined resolution to avenge the cause of his insulted family. But, having time to recollect himself during his journey down, he thought it would be imprudent to risque his life. He therefore wisely chose to bring his sister up to London, rather than call her lover to account for
his

his presumption. This was become the more necessary, as the affair had made some noise in the town; and a country town is generally the seat of scandal and gossiping.

It happened unfortunately that the same post which had conveyed him an account of his sister's danger, brought him a letter from his brother, Captain *Calcraft*, who was upon a recruiting party at Huntingdon. Being upon a visit to an Earl, who lives in the neighbourhood, and who loved *gambling* more than *propriety*, the boy had been prevailed upon by his Lordship to sit down to play, and had lost to him two hundred pounds; which being a debt of honour, he had paid it out of the money in his hands belonging to the regiment; and to re-place which sum he had been obliged to draw on his brother.

The 'Squire, impatient of this double family cross, had sent back the bill protested, just before he set off. This was on the evening of my arrival in town from *Foote's*, and the letter had been sent to the Post-office. One of the clerks, named *Willis*, came immediately to inform me of the event. Trembling at the consequence of the young man's being brought to a court-martial, which would have been attended with a perpetual disgrace, we consulted what was to be done upon this occasion. Though I had not the money, I could borrow it; but the chief difficulty lay in getting the letter out of the Post-office.

Mr. *Calcraft* had taken Lord *Tyrawley's* three lions for his arms. And the government plate, left to us and our children by General *Braddock*, having, besides the royal arms, a greyhound for the crest, he had added that to the borrowed coat. I fortunately recollected, that my milliner, Mrs. *Jordan*, was related to the secretary at the post-office. Upon which, I went to her, and having borrowed the money, prevailed upon her to take my seal, which was nearly the same as Mr. *Calcraft's*, together with a bank bill for the sum, to the office, and use her interest with her relation to substitute it in the place of the protested bill. This she accomplished to my great satisfaction. And as soon Mr. *Calcraft's* ill-humour subsided, he repented of what he had done. Not, I believe, out of affection for his brother, but upon account of the disgrace, which would naturally have recoiled upon him.

As soon as he arrived in town with his sister, he desired I would look out for a place where she could lodge and board, till some family in the country could be found in which she might be eligibly settled. Mrs. *Jordan*, the milliner, just mentioned, was a woman of family, and being connected with, and related to, several persons of distinction in Wales, she had an amazing deal of business. To this gentlewoman I applied upon the occasion, and prevailed upon her to take Miss *Calcraft* as a temporary

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boarder.

Mr.

boarder. And in a short time, by her means, she was placed in a family in Essex. Mr. *Calcraft* affected to be very fond of his sister, but he loved his money better. And had I not taken care of her wardrobe, she would have made but an indifferent appearance. For the family, in which she was placed, was that of a widow lady, who kept her carriage, had a good jointure, and whose only inducement to take her was for the sake of company.

By the return of the post Mr. *Calcraft* was surprised to receive a letter of thanks from his brother. On the first reading of it, he imagined it was meant ironically. But recollecting that the boy stood in too much awe of him, to venture to jest with his supposed consequence, he guessed what I had done. And coming to me, in the fulness of his heart, he returned me the money with a thousand thanks, and called me his preserver. I really believe, had I had courage to ask him for any sum just at that time, he would have given it me. But thinking it would look mean to make an advantage of what I was led by affection to do, and which would have the appearance of my being induced by pecuniary motives, an idea that was foreign to my heart, I missed my opportunity.

I was now so immersed in business, that I had not time to think of my being so much involved, or of any means to extricate myself. I had a beautiful set
of

of horses made me a present of, which added to my expence. For Mr. *Calcraft* would not give the keep of them, as he said he had more than sufficient to keep already. I would gladly have retired from the stage, but the money I got there was absolutely needful. This induced me to make a new agreement with Mr. *Rich*.

During the winter, "Romeo and Juliet" being bespoke by some persons of quality, Lady *Coventry*, (late Miss *Maria Gunning*) with some other ladies of the first distinction, were in the stage-box. I have already mentioned my intimacy with this beautiful woman, when she was a girl, and the circumstances which occasioned it. But I had not seen her since that time, except a few days before her marriage, when she did me the favour to call upon me, on a little pecuniary business.

In the scene, where Juliet drinks the supposed poison, just as I was got to the most interesting part of that soliloquy, It was interrupted by a loud laugh, which issued from the box where her ladyship sat. The silent attention in which the rest of the audience were enrapt, made such a circumstance the more striking. It had so great an effect upon me, that, being wholly disconcerted, and unable to proceed, I was obliged to request leave to retire, till I could collect myself. The audience were offended at the interruption this levity had occasioned, and insisted up-

on the ladies quitting the box, which they accordingly did.

A gentleman in the side-boxes reproached Lady *Coventry* with her rudeness and ingratitude. Upon which she was pleased to say, she could not bear me since she had seen Mrs. *Cibber*. As this was no other than my brother, Captain *O'Hara*, he aloud made her Ladyship a retort, but not the *retort courteous*. This added to mortify her vanity, and hastened her departure. The late Lord *Eglington*, one of the politest men of his time, who was of the stage-box party, came into the green-room to make an apology. And this he did, by assuring me, that no offence was meant to me; the laugh that Lady *Coventry* had broke out into being involuntary, and excited by her twirling an orange upon her finger, and some ridiculous thing that was said upon the occasion. I admitted the excuse, and finished my part with as much approbation as ever.

The next morning my brother came, and informed me of what her Ladyship had foolishly uttered. Upon which, I rung for the house steward, and delivering him the note she had given me, when Miss *Gunning*, for the money she had borrowed of me a few days before her nuptials, I ordered him to go with it to Lord *Coventry's* for payment.

Quince waited till her Ladyship came in from riding; when, presenting the note to her, she returned it,

it, saying, "What! is it Mrs. *Bellamy* the *actress*?" To which my domestic, who daily saw me treated in a different manner by ladies greatly her superiors, answered, that it was, and that I expected the money to be paid. Upon which, turning upon her heel, her Ladyship said, "If she is impertinent, I will have her "hissed off the stage!" The man unaccustomed to, such treatment, replied, "That continuing on the "stage was a matter of indifference to his mistress; but if she chose to perform, it was not in "her Ladyship's power to prevent it." Having said this, he left the house, as he saw there was no probability of succeeding in his errand. He, however, had not got far, before a servant followed, and informed him, that the money should be sent shortly.

But from that hour I never heard any thing more of, or from her Ladyship, concerning the money. Indeed, I had not the least expectation of ever getting it again when I gave it her, nor should I have taken the note from her, had she not forced it upon me. Such a trifle, at that period, was of very little consequence to me. And as resentment never made me any long visits, finding my heart an unfit receptacle, I placed it to account with former favours, and thought no more about it. I was much displeased with myself at having been hurt at a folly, of which her Ladyship had given so many instances. Had I time and inclination, I have room here to add a

supplement to those remarks on the scarcity of gratitude, which Doctor Francis's *grateful* conduct excited. I shall, however, only refer you to them, and leave you to make the application. And to show how very different the Lady's sentiments had formerly been, I send you the copy of a letter I once received from her, and which bears this singular address; "To Miss Bellamy in England." As it is much defaced by time*, there are several breaks in it, but it is given in its present state, and at the same time, *verbatim et literatim*.

"I Recd my Dearest Miss Bellamy Letter at
 " Last: after her long silence, indeed I was very
 " Jealous with you, but you make me amen's in
 " Letting me hear from you now, it gives me great
 " Joy & all our faimely to hear that y^r Dr mama
 " and you Dearest self are in perfect Health to be
 " sure all y^r Relations where fighting to see which
 " of them shod have you first and Longest with y^m.
 " I hope you are a most tird of england, and that
 " we shall soon have your sweet company in Ireland,
 " where you will be heartily welcome, it gives me
 " vast pleasure to hear you haves thoughts of coming
 " over, my Lady————— To be sure I dont

* The original is in the hands of the publisher.

" wonder

" wonder at it, for you know her heart and soul
 " was rapit up in his, as to hows bing the next
 " heir I believe it will be how my Lord pleases, he
 " is in ye Country & my Lady is with us she cant
 " go to her own house I belive she will go strait
 " to england to Miss *Boitr*, I was very unfortunate
 " to be in the country when our Vaux Hall was, if
 " I was in Town I sho'd be thear & I believe I
 " shoud be much more delighted than at a publicker
 " diversion, I am quit alterd since I saw you, there
 " is nothing I love so much as solitude; I dont be-
 " live it was Mr. *knox* you read of at Bath, for he
 " is hear and pray write me word when you saw
 " or heard from Mr. *Crump*.——is out Town
 " this tow months past every——in the Country,
 " Dublin is ye stupites place——. in the world
 " I hope ye winter will be more——tho I see
 " know great Liklihood of it, for I belive *Shredian*
 " can get know body to play with him is doing all
 " he can to get frinds for him self to be sure you
 " have hread he is marrd for sirtain to Miss *Gham-*
 " *berlan* a sweet pare,
 " Papa & mama & Miss *Betty* & Miss *Kittys* fin-
 " cer love and comp^{ts} to y^v & y^r mama y^r Littel
 " Husband sends you ten Thousand kisses he whiffes
 " he had you hear to give y^m to you he says they
 " wod be swe——Lipes than on paper without
 " making

" making———Comp^{ts} he shakes me so I cant

" write—— Miss *Bellamy* will excuse this ——

" I must bid a due & shall

" only say I am my Dr your

" ever affect^{nat}.

" Dublin august 31.

" M. GUNNING.

" Mrs *Judy* begs Leave to give her Comp^{ts} to
 " you, & is rejoyes'd to hear you are well, she is in
 " a very bad state of healht."

Mr. *Calcraft* was now severely afflicted with the gout in his head, which claimed all my attention. For notwithstanding the contemptuous light I held him in, I could not be insensible to his pain on this occasion. I have always found illness, as I have already observed, to endear even a person that is indifferent, and almost a stranger to me. How much more then must it do so, when the object of my concern was constantly in my sight? He was unhappy if I did not put the bags with seeds to his eyes; which, he said, no person could do but myself. In short, I attended him with the same assiduity and tenderness, as if I had been really his wife.

As for my qualifications in the *beguine* profession, I have already told you what my dear Miss *Conway*
 used

used to say of them.—There is certainly a great pleasure attends the being both able and willing to administer to the wants of our fellow creatures. Mankind have a mutual claim upon each other for these acts of kindness, when indisposition renders them needful.—We know not how soon we may require ourselves the aiding hand.

G. A. B.

LETTER LXIV.

May 10, 17—.

ABOUT this time Mr. *Dodsley*, a gentleman justly admired for his private virtues, as well as his literary productions, offered Mr. *Rich* a tragedy called “*Cleone*.” The situations in the piece were most affecting. And the subject of it being a family distress, that pre-determined the public in its favour. The success of it depended entirely upon the heroine, which fell to my lot. And this, as our company then stood, was a double recommendation; for *Ross* and *Smith* exerted their talents much better under the auspices of *Thalia* than of *Melpomene*.

Mr. *Garrick* had declined the piece; but from what reason I could never guess. Mrs. *Cibber* had done the same. It, however, had merit. Domestic

tic feelings strike more to the heart, than those of crowned heads. The language was simple, and I determined that my performance of it should be the same. It was an effort worth trying ; as from its novelty, I should, at least, have the merit of its being all my own.

My attendance upon Mr. *Calcraft* had injured my health, which made me wish to protract the performance. But I found that my attempts to put it off were considered only as the effect of caprice. I know this has been practised by many performers, in order to enhance their value ; but it was a manœuvre I always despised. And I was so much above being capable of such an artful mode of proceeding, that I could not even bear the supposition of it, much less the imputation. I therefore, although very unfit for the task, accorded to the wishes of the author in this point.

All Mr. *Dodsley*'s friends, who were numerous, attended the rehearsal of his piece ; particularly the literati. Among these were Lord *Lytleton* ; who, notwithstanding his great partiality for me, gave the author his opinion, that I had totally misconceived the character. The public had been so accustomed to noise and violence in their *mad* stage ladies, that it was supposed from my manner, which was weakened by real indisposition, and prevented my rehearsing

ing out, that the piece, which totally depended upon me, would not succeed.

Among our visitors at the last rehearsal, upon which occasion the stage was much crowded, I was struck with the sight of Mr. *Metham*. As we had never met since our separation, it is natural to suppose I did not feel myself in the most agreeable situation. I own, that I sincerely wished myself absent, or that there had not been such a number of spectators present to be witnesses to the farce I knew him capable of performing. According to my apprehensions, he began by assuming the most ineffable effrontery, which was, if possible, superior to that of *Cibber*, when, in the character of Lord *Fop-pington*, he approaches Amanda.

Taking a pinch of snuff, in a careless manner, he walked up to me, with the most consequential air, accompanied with a significant *non chalance*, and wished me joy; regretting that he had not had an opportunity of doing it before. He then told me I looked more angelic than ever. Having done this, he turned to a person who was near him, saying, "I certainly am the happiest being in the universe, in having been blest with the affection of two of the first actresses, and most accomplished women, in Europe." Then, making a low bow, he retired. I never in my life received any compliments with less relish than those lavished upon me at that time. They

raised such a contrariety of emotions in my mind, that I was on the point of leaving the rehearsal, and returning home, without any ceremony.

I was so totally disconcerted by this adventure, that what had only been *supposed* by the author and his friends, was now openly declared; and it would not admit of a doubt with them but that I had misconceived the part. When I came to repeat, "*Thou shalt not murder,*" Doctor *Johnson* caught me by the arm, and that somewhat *too briskly*, saying, at the same time, "It is a commandment, and must be spoken, 'Thou shalt *not* murder.' As I had not then the honour of knowing personally that great genius, I was not a little displeased at his *enforcing* his instructions with so much vehemence.

The scene I had just before gone through with *Metham*, added to this not over polite behaviour of the Doctor's, so increased my indisposition, that I was advised not to appear the next day in so trying a part. But the public were not to be trifled with. As their favoured servant, I thought it my duty to do all in my power to deserve that favour. The piece was accordingly advertised with my name in the bill, and I was determined to go on, let what would be the consequence. I was likewise resolved to play the character agreeable to my own conception, though against the united opinion of all the literati.

Upon

Upon my going to the theatre to dress, Mr. *Dodley* accosted me with all the apprehensions of an author for his darling bantling. He intimated to me, that all his friends, as well as himself, imagined I was not *forcible* enough in the mad scene. The pain I was in from a blister, which my indisposition had rendered necessary, together with the anxiety naturally attendant on appearing in a new character, made me answer that good man with a petulance which afterwards gave me uneasiness. I told him, that I had a reputation to lose as an actress ; but, as for his piece, Mr. *Garrick* had anticipated the damnation of it, publicly, the preceding evening, at the Bedford Coffee-house, where he had declared, that it could not pass muster, as it was the very *worst* piece ever exhibited. Having said this, I left him, not very well pleased with me for my freedom. And he afterwards informed me, that he greatly regretted having chose me for his heroine.

The unaffected *raivôte*, which I intended to adopt in the representation, was accompanied by the same simplicity in my dress. This was perfectly *nouvelle*, as I had presumed to leave off that unwieldy part of a lady's habiliments, called a hoop. A decoration which, at that period, professed nuns appeared in ; as well as with powder in their hair.

Novelty has charms which cannot be resisted.

And

And I succeeded in both points beyond my most sanguine hopes. Indeed the applause was repeated so often, when I seemingly died, that I scarcely knew, or even could believe, that it was the effect of approbation. But, upon hearing the same voice which had instructed me in the commandment, exclaim aloud from the pit, "*I will write a copy of verses on her myself,*" I knew that my success was insured, and that "Cleone" bid fair to run a race with any of the modern productions.

The repetition of this circumstance, I own, favours of egotism; but when it is considered, that the involuntary praise of one of the first geniuses in the world must excite the most flattering sensations in every mind desirous of meriting the approbation of the sensible, I hope I shall stand excused for not passing it over in silence. When I appeared to speak the epilogue, I had leisure to practise all the courtesies taught me by my dancing-master over and over again; so favourable was the reception I met with from the audience.

I was so greatly fatigued when I got home, that I was not able to go to Mr. *Calcraft's* apartment. Having heard from Doctor *Francis* the public opinion that was entertained at the Rehearsal, and my indisposition giving him likewise not much room to expect I should be successful, he considered this want of my usual attention as a sign of chagrin at my

my disappointment. His impatience to be satisfied of the cause made him run the hazard of a relapse. For, notwithstanding our apartments were as far distant from each other as Channel-row from Parliament-street, and through a long passage, he would come himself to know the fate of "Cleone." I had just faintly answered his enquiry, by saying, "Well enough!" when in ran the Doctor, almost breathless, and crying out, "O *Calcraft*! it is beyond description. I have hastened, as fast as I could, wishing to be first to acquaint you of the uncommon applause, and deserved success she has met with."

The next day I was congratulated upon my success, by all those who frequented our house. Among this number were Lord *Lyttleton*, and Sir *Charles Hanbury Williams*. The former expressed his congratulations in the warmest terms, declaring, at the same time, that he was happy that his conjecture had not taken place. I then went up to Sir *Charles*, and asked him if he thought that violent madness would have had the desired effect? Without making me any answer, he stared wildly upon me, and appeared to be going to lay hold of me. Lord *Lyttleton*, observing this, pulled me away. And Mr. *Harris*, who was sitting beside his friend Sir *Charles*, on the sofa, held him down, whilst I made my escape from his fury. For he snatched up
a knife

a knife, which lay upon the table with the breakfast equipage, and vowed he would find me out, and murder me.

This circumstance appeared the more strange, as, till then, Sir *Charles* had shewn no signs of insanity. And even so lately as his entering the room, he had honoured me with the warmest compliments on my performance. He survived but a short time ; and, strange to tell ! to the last moment of his life persisted in wishing to destroy me. The symptoms and effects of madness are not to be accounted for, nor do they convey any censure ; else this seeming inveteracy towards me would have made me unhappy. But as he had always professed the greatest regard for me, till the instant his insanity became apparent, the ill-will he shewed could only be the effect of his disordered mind.

The uncommon run of "*Cleone*" took up a great part of my time. It would have continued much longer, had my health permitted me to perform ; for, to make use of the theatrical phrase, I never *saved* myself, but often suffered my feelings to possess me so entirely, as that they deprived me of the power of voice, notwithstanding it was allowed to be extensive. Mrs. *Cibber* said, upon this occasion, that I pranced my galloping nags too fast ; for I went beyond the post, and consequently was jockeyed. I received a letter of gratulation upon my

my success from Mrs. *Clive*. This lady possessed good-nature to an eminent degree, and was glad to have an opportunity of bestowing her quantum of praise. It was the more flattering to me, as her sincerity could never be doubted.

My time was at this period precious. As besides the letters I had to copy, I had correspondents in all parts of the world, the military being upon expeditions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I had likewise *fair* correspondents upon the continent, as well as in Ireland and Scotland. And what added to the fatigue of my avocations was, that Mr. *Calcraft* having been ordered to Bath, in hopes of fixing the gout in the extremities, I had all his private letters to look into, and to write him the substance of them every night.

With his returning health, returned my disgust. For, though humanity induced me to do every thing in my power to assist him during his illness; he was more indebted to the natural tenderness of my disposition for it, than to any predilection in his favour. And I formed a resolution to insist, as soon as he returned from Bath, upon his publicly marrying me, and paying all my debts.

What made me more anxious than ever for the accomplishment of the latter, was the following circumstance: the spring before, hearing repeated complaints from the army in *Germany*, that the shirts of
the

the common soldiers came unsewed the first time they were washed, and that their shoes and stockings were made in as bad a manner; my philanthropy prompted me to endeavour to remedy this imposition on the poor fellows. I accordingly made enquiry into the affair, and finding that the addition of a penny for making the shirts, and three halfpence *per pair* in the shoes, and in the stockings, would be of more than proportionable advantage to them, I agreed with the contractor, who was a relation of *Fanning*, Mr. *Fox*'s gentleman, to allow him that additional price for all that were sent to Germany, to the regiments Mr. *Calcraft* was agent to. In consequence of which, in the course of eight months, he brought me in debtor to the amount of nine hundred pounds.

Lord *Granby*, upon his return from Germany that winter, gave me, besides my benefit ticket, an additional hundred pounds, and Mr. *Fox* another, which was all the emolument I received for so public-spirited an action, except indeed the honour of the centinels in the Park resting to me as I passed through it. The death of Lady *Granby*, which was occasioned by her fears for his Lordship, whilst she lay in, as he was reported to have been killed, I felt very severely, as well upon my own account, as my Lord's, who doated upon her.

But my sorrow was greatly augmented from hearing that the report of the Marquis's death had arisen
from

from the death of Lord *Downe*, who was shot as he stood centry at the door of the English General's tent. Impelled by his natural bravery, or rather by an unaccountable fatality, he went out as a volunteer to the army in Germany. And, notwithstanding his noble birth and great fortune, led by some unknown whim, he insisted on doing duty as one of the privates. The Marquis had just sent him out his dinner; which he was dividing with his comrade, when a cannon ball shot him dead upon the spot. By this fatal blow was the world deprived of one of its greatest ornaments, and myself of the only admirer that ever *really* loved me. As the untimely fall of that worthy nobleman never occurs to my mind without exciting a sigh, permit me here to bestow one on his memory.

G. A. B.

LETTER LXV.

May 18, 17—.

WHEN the Marquis of *Granby* returned to England, he came to Parliament-street, as he could not enter the place of residence from whence his better half had departed; and, can you believe it? he made me his *cash-keeper*; which Mr. *Fox* humorously compared to the lame leading the blind. His

Lord-

Lordship's generosity, however, greatly exceeding his purse, I was soon obliged to resign my office. His wants could not have been supplied, such was the liberality of his heart, even by the Exchequer itself.

Colonel *Burton*, the husband of my late much valued friend, Miss *St. Leger*, was still in America; and, whilst I was imagining that he had broken his heart for the loss of her, I received a letter from him, requesting that I would send over to him a repeater, and some other fashionable presents, as he had fallen in love with a *Squaw*, whom he admired notwithstanding her complexion. I sent the things, and at the same time rallied him upon his inconstancy and taste. For by the word '*Squaw*,' I apprehended he had taken a black to his arms. I was the more readily led to this conclusion, by knowing that he was remarkably averse to *fair* women.

But what was my surprize to hear afterwards, that the Colonel had married a daughter of *Apollo*, whose locks were as red, as those of her father are described to be! I have often heard that the taste alters in a certain number of years; and that men sometimes contract a habit of liking what they before disliked. But I scarcely ever knew an instance, except this, where such a seeming invincible aversion to any particular complexion, was to be so easily overcome. This convinces me, that there is some foundation for the belief, that marriages are made in Heaven, as
the

the good old folks express themselves ; else, this gentleman would have remained single, rather than have chosen a partner of such a hue, after having been blest with the elegant and accomplished woman he had been.

On the evening of my benefit, Mr. *Fox*, having been detained by the duke of Cumberland, happened to be late at the theatre. Lady *Caroline* came early; and there being a great crowd, he told the door-keeper he had forgot his ticket, but that was immaterial, he said, as it was *his* benefit. He then, laughing, ordered the box-keeper to open the door of his lady's box. A malignant writer, who wanted to have his silence purchased, took occasion from this folly, as well as from the reports Mrs. *Woffington* had propagated in my disfavour, to insert in one of his publications that I was the *great Captain's Captain*; and that no commission or place was disposed of in that department, but through my recommendation.

This sarcasm greatly affected me. Although I was conscious there was no foundation for the report, as I had never requested an improper favour of Mr. *Fox*; yet as he was constantly at our house, which it was impossible to avoid, or even to attempt putting a stop to, it created an uneasiness in my bosom not to be described. This arose chiefly from the apprehension that the reflection which had been thrown on us
should

should injure me, if but for a moment, in the opinion of a lady, who was an honour to her sex, and who was besides one of the warmest of my patronesses. I mentioned the circumstance to Mr. *Fox*, who laughed at my fears. He assured me, that his lady was not only too confident in *his* affection to harbour such a doubt, but that she had too good an opinion of *my* rectitude, as she really thought me married, to regard what a hireling scribler should write. But, notwithstanding these assurances, I could perceive, that after the publication of the piece of scandal just mentioned, Lady *Caroline* never received me with that cordiality she had honoured me with before.

I have in a former letter bestowed my censure on those who wantonly rob others of their good name. — You must just permit me to add, that the indecent lengths to which personal reflections are carried in some publications, is deserving of the severest reprobation. — A character is often mangled, and the fair fame of the devoted prey blasted, upon hearsay assertions, and the most groundless and improbable conjectures, merely to make a paragraph. — I am sorry to say, that the writers know that scandal is almost universally acceptable ; and so they can, by dealing out a sufficient quantity of it, enhance the value of their publications, and encrease their emoluments, the peace and happiness of an individual or a family is beneath consideration. — And for this there appears
to

to be no redress. An application to the courts of law is expensive and uncertain. The guarded ambiguity with which the reflections are penned, though they are worded so as not to be misinterpreted, renders such a reference hazardous; and instead of extinguishing, it only adds fuel to the fire.—A silent contempt is all that a person thus aggrieved has for it. A consciousness of innocence will be their only support; and though it is extremely hard to be obliged to put up with undeserved imputations, those are the only shields to repel the envenomed darts.

But to proceed; had it not been for this disagreeable incident, I should have been the completest female *quidnunc* that ever appeared in petticoats. To give as little room as possible to the censures arising from my being so much with Mr. Fox, I excused myself from going as usual to Hollywood, where a political junto met every week. These consisted of the Duke of Cumberland, occasionally, but constantly the Dukes of Bedford and Marlborough, Lord Ducie, Morton, Mr. Fox, Mr. Charles Townsend, &c. &c. &c. where the national concerns were talked over, and in which, but for the resolution I had taken, I might have acquired a knowledge beyond most other women.

The Duke of Grafton, likewise, frequently honoured us with his company at Hollywood. The mention of that worthy nobleman's name, bringing to my recollection several anecdotes relating to him,

I shall here endeavour to amuse you with them; beginning with one I am sure you will be pleased with, concerning his Grace's Royal Master, King *George the Second*; that good and gracious Prince, whose chief happiness consisted in seeing his people happy. During the Rebellion in the year 1745, the Tragedy of "*Macbeth*" was commanded. Things at that time were drawing near a crisis. The Duke of *Cumberland* was in pursuit of the rebel army; and the fate of the House of *Brunswick* depended upon the event of a few days.

In this situation of affairs, it must naturally be supposed, that the Royal Mind could not be so far at ease as to enjoy, with a tolerable degree of serenity, any amusement. His Majesty, accordingly, determined that he would not go to the Theatre that evening, notwithstanding the play had been publicly announced as *by command*. The reason he alledged to those around him for this determination was, that he was apprehensive lest his appearing to be out of spirits during the representation, which, from the agitation of his mind at that critical juncture, he could not possibly avoid being, might tend to give the audience an idea that he had received some unfavourable intelligence from Scotland.

The Duke of *Grafton*, who was at that time Lord Chamberlain, and in great favour with his Royal Master, saw, however, the impropriety of such a resolution. His Grace therefore humbly represented to his

his Majesty, that his not appearing at the Theatre, as it had been announced, would tend more to alarm the apprehensions of his subjects, than if a gloom should diffuse itself over his countenance whilst in their sight.

As the first principle of that (my pen had almost presumed to write) *dear* man's mind was humanity, and a kind concern for the welfare of his subjects, he consented to *suffer* himself, rather than awaken their fears by staying away. His Majesty, accordingly, yielded to his Grace's representation, and entered the box with a heavy heart; where, as I have been informed, he sat, during the two first acts, quite absorbed in thought.

Just as the second act was finished, dispatches were delivered to his Majesty, which informed him of the victory gained by his son at the glorious battle of *Cul-loden*. Having hastily perused the contents of them, he immediately arose, and animated with all that majestic grace which he so eminently possessed, he held out the paper, and with an ineffable smile of grandeur and beneficence, uttered the exclamation, Oh! —His manner was so expressive, so affectionate and intuitive, that, like electricity, it instantly conveyed happiness to the expecting and anxious audience; who immediately starting up, huzzaed, applauded, and, by every mark of respect and joy, congratulated their much-loved monarch.

The particulars of the enlivening news being communicated to them, they stopped the play, although it was one of their admired *Shakspeare's*, and ordering all the fingers to *unwitch* themselves, directed them to sing "God save great *George* our King." This song they encored so often, and repeated so frequently their tokens of loyalty and gratitude, that it was near one in the morning before the whole was concluded. His Majesty then retired, with all the affectionate tenderness of a fond parent; and those who had been so fortunate as to share in so extatic a scene, returned to their respective homes as happy as indulged and favoured children.

I am not certain whether the following anecdote, concerning the worthy monarch I have just been speaking of, has ever appeared in print; but as I have it from the late Duke of *Grafton* himself, and it comes in here so very *à-propos*, I will run the hazard, and give it you.

In the first year of the rebellion just spoken of, the subscription which was entered into for the support of Government being filled, with unexampled expedition, his Grace of *Grafton* congratulated his Royal Master upon such an unequivocal proof of affection. To which his Majesty replied in his usual broken English, "My good Lord, my peoples *be my wife*; " though they quarrel with me themselves, they will " not suffer others to do it."

Whilst

Whilst these great and worthy personages are the subject of my pen, I must add an anecdote or two more relative to them, which I dare say will not be thought tedious by you.—I have already given you more than one instance of my vanity; a foible, for which *at present* I despise myself that I have ever indulged. I shall only say in extenuation of my errors of this kind, that like most of the other passions to which human nature is incident, when once the reins are let loose, they soon convey you to the very summit of folly.

You will not be surprised then when I inform you, that at the time I was so highly honoured with the approbation of the public, I was vain enough to aspire to receive, likewise, the approbation of royalty. I accordingly requested his Grace of *Grafton* to solicit his Majesty, to honour with a command some piece in which I usually performed.

The Duke was so condescending as to comply with my request; and the King having heard much of the inimitable Roscius, in the character of Lear, he consented to honour that performance with his presence. As my whole attention was engaged by the sweet imagination of hearing myself praised, which *then* would have exalted me to *Mahomet's* Paradise, I stationed myself, after my first speech, as near as possible to the stage box. But instead of this, O dire to tell! I heard his Majesty, upon the Lord

Chamberlain's enquiring how he liked *Cordelia*, reply, Umph ! very well ! but her hoop is so large."

The mortification I received from finding that my hoop had attracted his Majesty's attention more than my divine little person affected me so much, that I totally forgot my duty, in the character I was personating, to my royal father, till I came to the following lines*, in which I pray for him, not for myself.

Hark ! I hear the beaten drum !
 Old *Kent*'s a man of's word.
 O for an arm like the fierce thunderer's
 To fight this injured father's battles !
 That I could shift my sex, and dye me deep
 In his opposer's blood. But as I may
 With women's weapons, piety and prayer,
 I'll aid his cause. Ye never-erring gods
 Fight on his side, and thunder on his foes
 Such vengeance as his poor aged head sustain'd.
 Your image suffers when a monarch bleeds ;
 'Tis your own cause ; for this your succours bring ;
 Revenge yourselves and right an injured king.

When I had repeated this passage, his Majesty was so struck at my feeling in the most susceptible manner true filial piety, that he sent the Lord Chamberlain to let me know, he never had been so much affected with the distress of *Lear*, as he now was with the enthusiastic rapture (as he was pleased to express him-

* *King Lear*, as altered by Tate.

self) of his ill-used daughter. I cannot help owning, that I should *then* have been full as well pleased to have had my *self-admired person* included. But praise from royalty is always acceptable; and though I was not perfectly pleased, I thought I ought to be satisfied with the condescending tribute his Majesty had paid to such extraordinary rising merit.

As I have thus introduced the late Duke of *Gratton* to you, I cannot help sending you another anecdote relative to his Grace, in which I shall have an opportunity of introducing likewise my much-admired *Shuter*.

Mr. *Lacy*, who was at that time one of the proprietors of Ranelagh, had been engaged by two Bankers, whose names I believe were *Green* and *Ambrose*, (but as this was some years before I had any connection with the stage, I cannot be sure) to assist in the management of Drury-Lane Theatre. But Mr. *Lacy* having formed a design of obtaining a patent in his own name, to the exclusion of the two Gentlemen that employed him, he pursued for this purpose the following scheme.

Being a professed jockey, he took care constantly to attend the Croyden hunt, of which the Lord Chamberlain was the leader. His Grace observed with pleasure the numerous train that attended him; and remarking, that Mr. *Lacy* was one of the most constant of his followers, he took occasion, one day,

to admire the horse that he rode. This was the bait the intended patentee had laid, and no sooner did he find that it had taken effect, then he begged the Duke's acceptance of his *Pegasus*.

This his Grace declined, unless he might be allowed to make him some compensation. Upon which Mr. *Lacy* informed his Grace, that his employers were upon the point of breaking (which might have been the case) and that he should be obliged to him for a patent in his own name. His request was complied with, and in a few days he became sole patentee of Drury-Lane Theatre; whilst the two Gentlemen who had purchased of Mr. *Fleetwood*, were obliged to accept the places of door-keepers in the very house which had lately belonged to them. Mr. *Lacy* afterwards sold a moiety of the patent to Mr. *Garrick*, who became the ostensible manager, and through whose transcendent merit and indefatigable application, the Theatre was saved from ruin.

His Grace, as I have already said, frequently honouring us with his company at Hollwood, as it was from this wood the foxes were unearthed for the Croydon hunt; and observing that son of humour, *Shuter*, to be often of his hunting party, he requested that I would ask him to join us at dinner.

This I accordingly did. But *Shuter*, though convivial to a degree when he imagined himself the king of the company, did not now feel himself at home.

Observing

Observing this taciturnity, I gave our good chaplain Doctor *Francis* the hint, who was always ready upon those occasions; and he plied honest *Ned* so freely with claret, that, contrary to the adopted adage, which says, "When the wine is in, the wit is out," he was so far inspired with it, as to become not only loquacious but clever.

Among other witticisms, upon the Duke's asking him whether he really loved the sport, or only rode for his health, *Shuter* readily replied, "My Lord, I am riding for a patent;" alluding to the story I have just related to you. His grace was so pleased with the impromptu, that he promised to serve him in that line, if ever he should happen to stand in need of it, but at that time he saw no probability of such an event taking place. *Shuter*, however, received a handsome present from his Grace, before he set off for town; which, as I was afterwards informed, he laid at the feet of *Nancy Dawson*, his then reigning favorite, immediately after his arrival.

But to return to my own concerns—My staying in town was, however, productive of one good consequence. For by being there, I was the means of saving Mr. *Calcraft* from ruin, and many individuals from irreparable loss, or the greatest inconvenience. A large party were gone down to Hollywood; and my determination still continuing in force, I stayed almost alone in town, all the servants being

there, to assist at the gala, except the porter, and my own coachman and postilion ; and the two latter lay at the stables in King-street. As it was Sunday the clerks likewise were absent.

Being thus nearly alone in Parliament-street, I was greatly alarmed on Sunday morning, at seeing my woman by my bed-side, the true picture of despair. She put me in mind of that striking description of *Shakspeare* in his second part of *Henry* the Fourth.

- * “ Even such a wretch, so faint, so spiritless,
- “ So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
- “ Drew Priam’s curtain in the dead of night,
- “ And would have told him half his Troy was burn’d.”

It was in vain for me to inquire the occasion of such an early visit ; the poor frightened creature had lost the power of utterance. I was, however, soon made acquainted with the cause, by the repeated cry of *fire*, which I heard in the streets.

I no sooner heard the alarm, then I leaped out of bed, and with only an under petticoat and slippers on, for in my fright I had thrown off my night-cap, I ran down stairs. When I got into the hall, I was informed that the fire had broke out at a baker’s in Channel-row, on one side of which was a coal and wood shop, and on the other lived a retailer of spi-

ritous liquors; both of which would have added fuel to the house already in flames.

As the fire was directly opposite to the offices, where were lodged the accounts of so many persons; and as these were only divided by slight partitions, so that if the conflagration reached one, they must all be destroyed; my apprehensions were inexpressible. The flames now raged with great violence; and the wind directing them towards our house, it was expected they would communicate to it in a few minutes. Providentially it occurred to me, to order a glazier, who was come to assist, to break in the frames of the windows, not only of our house, but of the three adjacent ones, the families of which were not in town.

I then sent for all the chairmen that could be got, who conveyed the books, the first objects of my care, down to the pay-office. We then broke open the desks, in which there happened to be only cash sufficient for the exigencies of the next morning till the bankers could be drawn upon. In a short time the house was as crowded as a fair; there being such a number of persons that either, from their own claims, or their connections, were in some shape or other interested. The porter had dispatched my coachman to Hollwood, with the alarming intelligence. In the mean time I secured whatever I could, and preserved every thing in the offices. The fire, at length, was

happily got under, without reaching our side of the way.

When I was about to retire, Colonel *Honeywood* expressed his apprehensions of my getting cold. And this was the first moment that I recollected my situation. I now found that I had continued for four hours, in the same state as I had leaped frightened from my bed, in the midst of upwards of a hundred spectators, many of whom were Lords and Commons who were come to my assistance upon the unfortunate occasion.

I had scarcely got my cloaths on, when I heard Mr. Calcraft's voice, raving like a bedlamite, that he was ruined and undone. But upon his being informed of the care I had taken to preserve every thing, and my success in doing so, I was once more his *dear Preserver*; and he loaded me with *praises*, which he thought would prove the best reward he could bestow on so disinterested a mind as mine. And though I was at that time labouring under the greatest difficulties with regard to pecuniary matters, I was above claiming any other.

Being much pressed for some hundreds, I endeavoured to raise them of one of the sons of Israel, and, to my future sorrow, succeeded. Mr. *Furtado*, of Cornhill, found a gentleman, by name *Morris*, who purchased annuities for a Mr. *Davy*, a silk-throwster, in Spital-fields. This gentleman advanced me five hundred

hundred pounds, on condition of my paying him one hundred pounds a year for my life, out of the hundred and twenty Mr. *Galcraft* had settled on me. But as there could not be a line drawn in the deed to make it a real sale, he gave me a written paper, wherein I was permitted at any time to redeem it, on repayment of the money, with an additional fifty pounds by way of premium.

I must here entertain you with an humorous instance of my vanity's being humbled ; and which, though it may extort a smile from you, had like to have cost your humble servant very dear.

Having received some ridiculous compliments upon the beauty of my hand, and my vanity not being a little augmented thereby, I determined to try every art in my power to render it more conspicuously white, and more worthy of the praises that had been bestowed upon it. Accordingly, in order to attain this grand point, which I then thought of the utmost consequence, I sent to Warren's, the perfumer, for a pair of chicken gloves.

When I had obtained these wonder-working coverings, I drew them on as I went to rest ; and with some difficulty prevailed on *Clifford* to fasten my hands to the bed's head, to accelerate the wished-for effect. Thus manacled, and pleasing myself with the expectation of finding my project succeed, I fell asleep. But, O dire to tell ! I had not become the

vassal of *Morpheus* above two hours, when I awoke, and found that I had totally lost the use of my right hand.

Alarmed by the accident, I hastily called my maid, who lay in an adjacent room, to come and unshackle me ; and finding, when my arms were at liberty, that my apprehensions were too true, I ordered her to send immediately for one of the faculty. In about half an hour, a gentleman came ; and upon being informed of the terrible calamity that had befallen me, and the dreadful disappointment I had experienced, he, laughing, told me, that he would take such methods as should effectually cure my white hand. And this he executed according to the letter of his promise : for he applied to my arm a mustard blister, which extended from my shoulder to my finger's end. An application that was not only attended with excruciating pain, but was productive of great mortification ; for both the public and myself were debarred from the pleasure of viewing the beauty I so much prided myself in, for a long time, as I was obliged to wear gloves during the remainder of the winter.

I believe you will readily agree with me, Madam, that there are few of the frailties, to which human nature is liable, that so justly deserves to be punished as vanity ; and, indeed, it is but seldom that it escapes some degrading accidents or other. Those who give
way

way to the impulses of this passion, seldom find the incense that is offered up to it any way adequate to their expectations, disappointment and disgust consequently succeed; and thus does a certain punishment follow the indulgence of it.

About this period I was honoured with a visit from my Watford relation, Mr. *Crawford*. His visit, he told me, was occasioned by his being in great want of four hundred pounds, for three months, to make up a sum for a purchase he had entered into an agreement for.

I had borrowed the five hundred pounds by means of the Jew, in order to repay Mr. *Sparks* part of the sum I have mentioned that he lent me. And as he did not come to claim my promise, I made myself easy, as it was ready. I therefore informed Mr. *Crawford* that I could assist him with one-half in money, and would let him have a pair of diamond undress ear-rings, on which he might easily raise the remainder. He expressed himself much obliged to me, took the money and ear-rings, and giving me his note for four hundred pounds payable in three months, went away with a promise of returning punctually at the time.

He came indeed most punctually when the note became due; but it was to acquaint me that he could *not* pay me. He said, if I wanted my ear-rings, Mr. *Smith* of the Exchequer would advance money sufficient for the redemption of them, upon

our

our joint bond. As I entertained no doubt of the man's honesty or of his capability, as his business was said to be great, and his fortune a good one, I made no objection to the proposal. Upon which he produced a bond ready executed by himself, which I immediately signed. This being a branch of science in which I was not versed, I only just cast my eyes casually over it, without reading the contents, supposing that all was right and fair. He then went away, and was to return with the ear-rings immediately.

I blush when I recollect my imprudence on this occasion. But I was then unhackneyed in the villanies of mankind, and, conscious of my own integrity, suspected not the want of it in others—I was likewise, as the whole of my conduct sufficiently evinces, *curst* with a total disregard for that which is generally esteemed the greatest blessing—I have learnt, however, since, from sad experience, that if wealth is not the *greatest good*, it is at least a *necessary evil*.—This disregard for property is usually connected with genius—An attention to the common concerns of life seems to be naturally disgusting to the scientific mind—And therefore the sons and daughters of genius, so often,* “no revenue have but their good “spirits to feed and cloath them.”

Happening to be particularly engaged for the remainder of the day, I thought no more of my cousin or my ear-rings, till the next morning. And even then,

• Hamlet, Act III. Scene IV.

then, when they occurred to my recollection, I supposed that he had not been able to meet with Mr. *Smith*, or by some disappointment or other was prevented from calling ; and I remained perfectly easy. But in a few days after, having occasion for my earrings, I sent to his chambers for them ; when I was aroused from my confidential stupor, by the information I received, which was, that the gentleman had moved himself off to France, his affairs being in a desperate situation, and that he had taken all his friends in, to maintain himself and his family during his exile. And what was doubly mortifying and inconvenient to me was, that when the bond was presented for payment by Mr. *Smith*, it appeared to be for *two* hundred pounds instead of *one* hundred, the sum I supposed it to have been given for.

Being about to enter upon another topic, and, likewise, to give you an account of a transaction, which whilst it was upon the tapis, made a great noise in the world, let me premise, that not a single circumstance shall be related, but what I was either a personal witness to, or from my own knowledge can affirm the truth of. This assurance I am persuaded will repress the faintest suspicion in your mind of the credibility of my account, notwithstanding it should clash with the representation of popular clamour, or private pique.

G. A. B.

L E T-

LETTER LXVI.

May 26, 17—.

I HAD now rendered myself so useful to Mr. *Fox*, not only by copying his letters, but by my constant attendance in the House of Commons, during the sessions, my retentive faculties being almost as extraordinary as his own, that he began to be displeased at my not going to *Hollywood* as usual. He was also more particularly desirous of it at this time, as he wished, if possible, to fix that weathercock, *Charles Townshend*, with whom I was a great favourite. This alone induced me to break through the resolution I had formed, and more frequently to make one in the parties. When they began to play, I always retired, and as no other woman but myself was permitted to be there upon those occasions, my situation was not the most agreeable.

During the leisure hours this afforded me, I had time to indulge my reflections. And these reflections informed me, that I was miserable. But why I was so I knew not. I languished for happiness, without being able to distinguish what road I was to take in the pursuit of it. The thoughts of my numerous debts was not the reason of this dejection, as I was well assured, that upon my being resolute,
Mr.

Mr. *Calcraft* would pay them. Nor was my situation with regard to him the bane of my tranquillity. For as every body supposed me married, or at least all such as I wished to do so, and I looked upon it as an event which was *certainly* to happen, that gave me very little anxiety.

A depression of spirits, which I could not account for, overclouded my mind. And in these fits of melancholy I would indulge my tears for hours together. At length I imputed it to the unwearied attention I was obliged to bestow on the different employments I was engaged in. I therefore resolved to accept an invitation I had received from the Honourable Mrs. *Child*; who, with her husband, was settled at Brussels, and occasionally went to Cologne. And as I had never been able to fulfil my promise of paying a visit to *Voltaire*, I intended, the approaching summer, to accomplish both.

But two events prevented me from carrying my design into execution. The first indeed did not immediately concern me; but as it was productive of great distress both to the family of the Secretary of War, and our own, I shared in the uneasiness it occasioned. As the public have been greatly misled with regard to the affair, and various reports have been propagated which had not the least foundation in truth, I will repeat the circumstances to you, agreeable to
my

my promise at the conclusion of my last letter, as they really happened.

Mr. *Fox* being upon a visit to his brother, Lord *Ilchester*, Mr. *Calcraft* called at Holland-house, according to his usual custom, to enquire, before he wrote to his patron, whether there were any letters for him, or any other business to inform him of. One day as he called, he found *Fanning*, whom Mr. *Fox* had now made his steward, in conversation with a man who had the appearance of a farmer. Just as Mr. *Calcraft* entered, he heard *Fanning* say, "I am sure it is not my master's hand. But here comes a gentleman who can inform you better than I can." Saying this, he delivered into Mr. *Calcraft*'s hand a lease. When Mr. *Calcraft* had looked over it, he declared that the signature was not Mr. *Fox*'s. "Nor," continued he, "can there be such a lease really existing. For the late Mrs. *Horner* discharged *Ayliffe* from her service, upon account of his having married a person she did not approve of; and it is not to be supposed she would grant him a lease for the life of himself, his son, and that very wife, for the imprudent choice of whom she had dismissed him."

The farmer no sooner heard this, than he exclaimed, "Then I am undone! the villain has robbed me of what I had saved for my daughters' portions!" Upon a further investigation of the affair,

affair, Mr. *Calcraft* found that the lease given to the farmer had been forged, purposely to raise money upon. Mr. *Fox* had made this *Ayliffe* a riding commissary. The income arising from this employment was alone more than sufficient to support such a family as his; but he had, in addition to it, adopted the profession of buying estates. As he was supposed to be a good judge of the value of land, Mr. *Calcraft* had impowered him to purchase for him estates in Dorsetshire. And *Ayliffe* had already received eleven thousand pounds from him for that purpose: Else, in all probability, he would have continued his depredations for some time longer.

But my good gentleman no sooner discovered by this accident what *Ayliffe* had been at, than, ever anxious for his own interest, he immediately set out in pursuit of him. He found him at Salisbury; where, under pretext of the forgery, he had him taken by proper persons into custody. This had the desired effect. In the first emotions of his terror, he refunded the whole of the eleven thousand pounds. Mr. *Calcraft* had him then immediately secured by Justice *Fielding*'s men, who had come in pursuit of him, in consequence of an application from the farmer. They clapped a pair of handcuffs on him, and brought him to town. When he was committed, an express was sent off to Mr. *Fox*, who still continued at Lord *Ilchester*'s, to inform him of the transaction.

transaction. And I can take upon me to affirm, that the *first* knowledge that gentleman had of it was, after *Ayliffe* stood committed for trial. Mr. *Fox* was unjustly censured upon this occasion, as indeed he was upon many others, where his *Commis* had all the *emoluments*, and *he* all the *odium*.

The unhappy man, solicitous for life, sent his wife to me, after his conviction, to intreat that I would use my interest in his favour with his injured master, and request of him, that he would apply to his Majesty to extend his mercy towards him. At the same time he wrote to Mr. *Fox*, who was now in town, and whom I perceived to be greatly shocked at the affair. In his letter, he requested that gentleman's forgiveness; and acknowledging himself the most ungrateful of men, promised that if he would but save him from his *merited* sentence, his whole life should be employed in endeavouring to deserve the mercy, and to atone for the enormities he had been guilty of.

But the *very same hour*, he wrote to Mr. *Pitt*, who was then minister, to inform him, that if he would rescue him from his approaching fate, he would discover such *iniquitous practices* of his late employer, as should fully repay the saving him. Mr. *Pitt*, with a liberality of sentiment which does honour to his memory, sent the wretch's letter immediately to Mr. *Fox*. That gentleman received it as he was preparing

paring to go to court *on purpose* to solicit the prisoner's pardon. But this discovery of his baseness now rendered it impossible; as such an application would have carried with it a declaration of his being in the villain's power, and that he was apprehensive of his putting his threats into execution. No intercession was of course made for him, and he suffered the due reward of his crimes.

Thus did this wretched being fall a victim to his unparalleled ingratitude and duplicity. And by him was the best of masters repaid for all his kindness, in the same manner as he was by the generality of his dependents. To wind up the tragical story, I must add, that poor *Fanning*, who was the innocent cause of bringing the affair to light, was deprived of sense and life in consequence of it. —I need not inform you, that a very different turn has been given to the foregoing incident by Mr. *Fox's* enemies. Prejudice and enmity have painted his conduct upon the occasion in the blackest light. But the good man, armed with that “strongest of breast plates, a heart untainted,” set the shafts of calumny at defiance.

As I was now in a situation, which prevented my being able to travel, it was impracticable for me to take my intended trip to the Continent. I was therefore obliged to make a virtue of necessity, and content myself as well as I could at home. I had usually

usually three or four ladies with me, besides birds of passage, the great people not making their parties in summer. On the fourth of September I was taken ill, and before Dr. *Hunter* could come from London, I was, by the help of a country midwife, brought to bed of a son, which Mr. *Fox* named after himself, *Henry Fox Calcraft*.

I had lain in about four or five days, and was infinitely better than could be expected, when my gentleman favoured me with a visit, to inform me that he had received a letter from Mr. *Davy*, desiring payment of the annuity. As I had never asked Mr. *Calcrafft* for a shilling upon it, he entertained great hopes that it had been quite obliterated. Being much displeased with his speaking to me on pecuniary subjects at so improper a time, I desired that he would immediately quit the room, pay the money, and fulfil his contract. The latter, I assured him, I would insist upon his doing, as soon as I was able to leave my apartment; for I was not unacquainted with the deception he had practised upon me, relative to his patron's disapprobation of his marrying me, as well as with his having imposed upon him also. Struck with this reproach, he hastily quitted me, muttering, as he went, something about my extravagance.

When he was gone, I complained to a lady, who was upon a visit to me, and who *professed* herself my friend,

friend, of Mr. *Calcraft's* brutality, in troubling me about such a trifle, at so critical a juncture ; when I had not only spent all that I had got at the theatre in entertaining his company, and supplying his brother and sister, but had likewise involved myself in debt for that purpose. Besides which, I had made it my study to serve him in his profession, and had done it so effectually, that to *me* he was indebted for the present extensive state of his business. My friendly intimate observing that I was more empassioned than usual ; and having private reasons for wishing me removed from my present situation, either by death or resentment ; she took an opportunity so favourable to her wishes, to inform me, that the man whom I looked upon as my husband, neither was, nor, in all probability, would ever be so ; as he had been married some years before he knew me, to a young woman at Grantham, who then resided with an aunt of his, named *Moore*.

Struck with instant madness by such unexpected information, I leaped out of bed, in order to find the cruel impostor, and revenge myself upon him. But before I could reach the door, I fell down senseless, and to all appearance dead. Nurse *Carter*, who had lived with me many years, and had bred up all my children, assisted by the lady that had reduced me to this condition, replaced me in my bed.

When

When I recovered my senses, I was in such excruciating pain, particularly in my side, that I could not speak. I had no breath but what I gasped for. A messenger was immediately dispatched for Mr. *Adair* and Dr. *Hunter*. At first it was concluded by those gentlemen, that my illness was occasioned by the ignorance of the woman who laid me. But they were assured by the nurses that it could not arise in any shape from her fault, as I had been so uncommonly well, even at that early period, as to permit them to leave me, whilst a lady who was upon a visit, and I, entertained ourselves in conversation together. This was the account which my nurses gave the physical gentleman; as they were as ignorant of the real cause of my illness, as the latter were themselves. Even Mr. *Adair*, the friend I confided in, knew nothing of the transaction, my delirium being such that I could not inform him. In the violence of my rage I attempted to destroy poor good *Carter*, who wished to prevent me from destroying her master and myself. Happy had the moment been in which I heard the fatal intelligence, had I really been deprived of a wretched life!

Mr. *Calcraft* was now really frantic. And my illness increasing, it baffled all the skill of the learned sons of *Æsculapius*, so that every night was prophesied to be my last. I had no respiration but when a vein was opened. Had I laid down in bed I should

have been suffocated. I was therefore obliged to rest upon the shoulder of each nurse alternately. Mr. *Adair's* care of me was unremitted. And though his numerous patients claimed his attendance every day in town, he returned every evening to Holl-wood, in order to give me what relief he could; for the tortures I endured were inexpressible.

After suffering, for several weeks, more than human nature could be supposed able to sustain, and having had recourse to almost every remedy in the *materia medica*, my death warrant was concluded to be signed for one o'clock the next morning. An hour that I ardently wished for; but which, at the same time, made me anxious to see a gentleman from London before its arrival. The gentleman came down the moment he received notice of my danger. And the business being settled for which he came, I was wholly resigned, and waited my visitation with the longing of a bride.

My mind was now perfectly tranquil. The world was lost to me, as well as the recollection of the injuries I had received. In this state, I fell into a sweet sleep, which was attended with a most singular dream. And as I have reason to consider it a sure presage of the calamities I have since suffered, I will here relate it. I imagined I was released from all my cares, and an inhabitant of heaven. My destined appointment, when I got there, was to light fifty lamps. I

entered upon my employment, and executed it with ease, till I came to the last lamp, which I broke in the attempt. The uneasiness this occasioned put an end at once to my dream and sleep, and I awoke in the greatest agitations.

In the morning, my visitant of the day before, came to take as he thought a last farewell. I informed him of my dream. He heard it with manifest pain, mingled with pity. "My dear child," said he, "you are destined to suffer a long life of misery and disappointment. I wish you may be as resigned when your hour of visitation shall come as you now are. I own I could have wished it had been passed." The holy seer was inspired with the gift of prophecy, as the sequel of my story will too fatally evince.

I was some time after informed, that the evening my visitor arrived, Dr. *Francis* endeavoured to engage him in a controversial discourse, during supper, in order to shew his superior talents. Mr. *Darcy*, (which was the gentleman's name) seemed to decline a conversation that might terminate in dispute. But the Doctor having been witness to the ignorance of a great number of his countrymen, (he was from Ireland) who had been sent over from the lowest ranks of that people, as servitors to some colleges abroad, and after acquiring a little bad Latin, become either enthusiasts, hypocrites, or libertines, and suppose themselves qualified to dispense absolutions, without scarcely

scarcely knowing what the word means, concluded this gentleman to be one of the same stamp. He was, on the contrary, a sound theologist, and united to great learning a gentleness of manners, and a natural politeness that would have graced a court.

I would not be understood to mean from what I have just said, that the catholic clergy of Ireland are all in the same predicament. To my own knowledge, the late Mr. *Archer* and Mr. *Richardson*, were ornaments to the world, and the religion they professed; as is the present Mr. *O'Leary*, who, with unaffected piety, is blest with that innocent cheerfulness, which, joined to his brilliant wit and sound understanding, makes him the admired darling of all who have the happiness of knowing him.

The Doctor very *illiberally*, as being one of the family, and styling himself the chaplain, continued the attack; till Mr. *Darcy*, -being necessitated to reply, soon confuted him; and convinced the company, who all bestowed deserved praise on him, that he was deeply read in divinity; whilst the superficial Doctor had made more proficiency in the study of wine than of holy writ. The consequence of this conversation was, that two ladies who were present, convinced of the superiority of Mr. *Darcy's* arguments, were in a very short time introduced by that good man into the bosom of the mother church.

G. A. B.

LETTER LXVII.

June 10, 17—.

I Remained in the dreadful condition described in my last letter, for several weeks. At the expiration of that time I was removed to town; when a consultation of the medical gentlemen was held twice a day. All their consultations, however, were of no service to me. Not one out of *nine* of the most eminent of the profession, who were called in upon the occasion, could even guess at my disorder. One termed it an adhesion. Another an imposthume. And two or three were fully persuaded that I had no lungs left.

In this manner they persecuted me till near Christmas. Till at last, despairing of being able to afford me any relief, and ashamed to take such sums without any apparent benefit, they all left me to my fate. My watchful and humane friend, Mr. *Adair*, indeed, continued his usual assiduity. And seeing that my other physicians had not rendered me any service, he brought to me by stealth, Dr. *Lucas*. Though this gentleman's professional merit was very great, yet as his political principles were so different from our own, his introduction to our house was esteemed reprehensible.

Dr.

Dr. *Lucas* soon found out what had puzzled so many of the fraternity, the real state of my disorder. He pronounced it to be a confirmed abscess in my lungs; as it afterwards proved to be. And informed me, that if it broke while I dozed, (for I could not sleep,) it would in all probability choak me. He had attended me in my early days in Dublin. He then acted as an apothecary. But being allowed one of the best chymists in the kingdom, he obtained a diploma. Yet he still prepared his own prescriptions himself. Notwithstanding the Doctor had lost an eye in analyzing some drug, he was not only a son of *Apollo* in medicine, but likewise in love, and he set off upon his entrance into his new line, as *un gallant homme*.

When he had properly prepared me, by such medicines as he thought necessary, he sent me to the hot-wells at Bristol to keep my Christmas. At that season of the year, the Wells are only frequented by emaciated wretches, who are sent there to receive their *quietus*. I had totally lost the use of my limbs, could not lift my hand to my head, and was carried like a child, in the servant's arms. During the journey, I was ordered not to make my stages more than twenty miles a day. And notwithstanding it was intensely cold weather, I was obliged to travel with the windows of the chaise down. As I was well known on the road, the masters and mistres-

ses of the inns seemed by their looks to take a last leave of me, and to regret the loss of so good a customer as I had been to them.

Mrs. *Sparks*, the wife of Mr. *Sparks* the comedian, left her family to accompany me. For my dear Miss *Meredith* had been obliged to return to France upon account of the same complaint which had occasioned her to visit that kingdom before. The two nurses and servants made a considerable suit. Indeed I should not have been in the least concerned, had I spent *Calcraft's* whole fortune upon the occasion. My resentment had returned, and I would not permit him to take leave of me, or even suffer his name to be mentioned in my presence.

After a series of painful journies, I arrived at the Wells; where the objects that appeared before me, the dreary prospect, and the dismal tolling of Clifton bell, presented nothing but a scene of horror to my imagination. I was consigned to the care of Doctor *Ford*, and ordered to drink port-wine and punch. As I had never tasted either of those liquors before, having been accustomed to wine and water, the prescribed beverage was by no means pleasing to me. But the lancet had been so often used, that from my exhausted habit a dropsy was apprehended, even if I should get the better of my other complaint.

At length the abscess broke while I was taking an airing. I hurried back, and Doctor *Ford* (to

whose care and attention I am much indebted) being sent for, he ordered me immediately down to the pump-room. I was there drenched with the water. He then directed that I should be put to bed between the blankets, well warmed, and some burnt brandy given me. This being done, I lay down, for the first time I had been able to do so for above four months. As soon as I was in bed I fell asleep, and did not awake for *eighteen* hours. During that time I slept so fitly, that it was often thought by those about me, that I had stolen a march into the other world. They frequently put a glass to my mouth, so doubtful were they of my retaining any signs of sensation; but still perceiving respiration, they were in hopes that my sleep would prove cordial to my vital powers, and tend to my recovery.

It was not to be expected, however, that my recovery would be so instantaneous as it proved to be. For when I awoke I was not only able to stand, but to walk into the next room. The cause of my disorder being thus happily removed, I recovered strength every day. Upon which I resolved to leave my present melancholy abode, and return to town. And being at the same time determined that I would not go back again to Mr. *Calcraft's* I wrote to my mother to desire she would let me have her house.

The house in Brewer-street, which formerly belonged to Mr. *Calcraft*, had been taken by her, and she let it out to persons of fortune, thereby making a considerable addition to her income. Though she had more than sufficient to maintain her, yet she was so fond of dependents, that she was always complaining of being distressed. She had no reason, indeed, to complain of me in that point. As I never knew the value of money, it would have been rather extraordinary if my mother was the last person that received pecuniary tokens of my regard.

She had formed an intimacy with the widow of the well known Dr. *Purcell*; * who had changed her name by a second marriage to *Lock*. Her only gratification was that of the table. And as she was not possessed of any property, my liberal parent greatly distressed herself to grant Mrs. *Lock* such temporary supplies as were necessary for the support of that good living she would be indulged in. So that, at her death, the sum amounted to upwards of seven hundred pounds

My mother, though much hurt at the circumstance which occasioned my leaving Parliament-street, and

* In the former editions, this lady was said to be the *sister* of Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester; but I have lately been informed by a relation of his Lordship's that she was only a friend, whome he honoured with his notice.

rendered this application needful, readily consented to admit me as a tenant. She accordingly wrote me word, that her house should be prepared for my reception. As soon as Mr. *Calcraft* obtained a knowledge of my design, he was like a madman. He feared, as he had great reason to do, that I should make no secret of my motive for quitting his house. Many of those who employed him, did so out of partiality to me. Lord *Tyrawley*, notwithstanding there had been some coolness between us, would not stand tamely by and see me ill treated. Nor was his Lordship only to be feared, but my brother, who would face a lion. These considerations had their due weight with him, and occasioned, more than tenderness, his agitations.

Besides, my presiding at his table was a circumstance of no little importance to him; as my connections were so respectable, and I had such a number of patronesses among the first ranks. But what weighed more than any other consideration with him, and induced him to make me repeated promises of paying all my debts, was the expectation of the death of my friend Miss *Meredith*. This young lady was now given over by her physicians, and as she was supposed to have made a will in my favour, he concluded that when the event took place, my spirit would not suffer me to lie under an obligation to any one, particularly to a person I avowedly detested. So that he thought

he could make me these promises, without any apprehension of his being required to fulfil them.

He accordingly wrote to Mrs. *Sparks*, desiring she would find an opportunity of communicating the contents of his letters to me, which consisted of a profusion of professions and promises. As he knew that I saw no one but her, whose interest made her his friend*, he was well assured nothing which passed upon this occasion would transpire. His name threw me into such agitations, that Mrs. *Sparks* much feared to mention it. But as he grew more pressing every post, for her to conjure me to receive a letter from him, or at least to permit her to read to me what he wrote to her, she ventured to speak to me upon the subject.

Upon my determining to return to London, I had wrote to my long consulted oracle Mr. *Quin*, acquainting him with my situation, and requesting his advice. The good man wrote me for answer, that he would not advise me to make the rupture public, nor by any means to quit Parliament-street, till the whole of my debts were discharged; and even when I was a clear woman, not to stir till I was amply provided for. Had that gentleman duly considered of the advice he gave me, he must have known, that

* Mr. Calcraft had, at that time, three shares in the theatre, and was in supposition of purchasing the patent; when Mr. *Sparks* had the promise of being acting manager.

going back was the only method to prevent a completion of the other part of his directions. I was really well persuaded that when Mr. *Calcraft* had gained his purpose, that of my returning to him, he would soon forget his promises. His sordid disposition was not to be prevailed upon to part with a capital sum, unless incited to it by compulsion or fear. But as my worthy friend possessed an heart replete with generous sentiments he was led to judge of others by his own.

After many attempts, Mrs. *Sparks* at length prevailed upon me to read one of Mr. *Calcraft's* letters. He conjured me in it, for the sake of humanity, for my childrens sake, and for my own, to return to him. He bound himself, by the sacred name of his Creator, to pay my debts in three months. He concluded with urging the violence of his passion, and informed me, that he had entreated some friend to deprecate my anger. This friend, probably, was the Doctor.

But these solicitations would have proved ineffectual had not Mr. *Quin's* advice coincided with them. At last wearied with these teasings, sick of the Wells, and tolerably recovered, I returned to the hated mansion, and to its more hated master. This, however, I would only consent to do, upon the express conditions, that he should never attempt to see or speak to me alone; and that he should be

punctual in paying my debts, according to his proposal. These articles he readily acceded to. And I verily believe, that if I had then requested him to take a step to the moon, and endeavour to prevail upon that luminary to make me a visit, he would have promised to do so ; and with the same intention of fulfilling his promise. There might, however, have been some sparks of affection still remaining in his bosom, kept alive by the consequences of our union. And the regret he felt, when I was supposed to be beyond all hope of recovery, might make the savage believe he felt something of tenderness. But, ah ! how unlike the tenderness to which the chords of my heart could only vibrate !

I am almost tempted at times, to envy those who are born with an insensible heart. Happy people ! (I am sometimes on the point of crying out) happy people ! who pass through life in a state of enviable tranquillity. — If ye do not taste, in an *exquisite* manner, of the pleasures this sublunary state affords ; neither do the pains, with which it abounds *poignantly* affect you. And as the former are uncertain and transitory, and the latter sure and lasting, ye are gainers by the allotment. — So wise a man, as *Zeno* is said to be, could never have taught the doctrine of Stoicism, nor his followers, the most sensible of the Greeks, have embraced it, had there not been some rational foundation for it, and the insensibility it enjoins desirable.

Had

Had thy days, O *Sterne*, been spared to the united wishes of the lovers of genius, and thou hadst attained a good old age, it is a doubt whether, upon a review of thy life, thou wouldest not have exchanged, had it been in thy power, thy *susceptibility*, (and, surely, no mortal was ever endowed with a greater portion) for this unfeeling Stoicism,—Impious thought! it admits not of a doubt.—Thou wouldest rather have exclaimed with me, “Give me my susceptibility, though it be attended with more than proportionate unhappiness!—The pleasures flowing from love and from philanthropy, neither of which can ever find a residence in a Stoic’s bosom, fully compensate for the augmented pains!”

As I write from the heart, my pen, notwithstanding my assurances that I would check its fallies, has again, *Pegasus* like, run away with me.—And so I fear it will do to the end of the chapter.

G. A. B.

LETTER LXVIII.

June 19, 17—.

YOU now find me once more *in statu quo*, doing again the honours of Mr. *Calcraft*’s table, and receiving the congratulations of my numerous friends upon

upon the occasion. A short time after my recovery, a demand was made from the Treasury of the government plate left us by the late unfortunate General *Braddock*. The demand was rejected. Upon which a suit was commenced. But that failing, we were left in possession of the royal donation, and the lions, unicorns, and hares, made their appearance at table.

I now received the news of Miss *Meredith's* death. She had bequeathed to me five hundred pounds, together with the twelve hundred pounds I was indebted to her; her jewels, which I have reason to believe cost near two thousand; and all her best laces, which were of great value. I regretted the loss of this valuable young lady most sincerely, and mourned for her inwardly as well as outwardly. Her legacy was of great service to me, as I was not engaged this season at the theatre, and had been obliged to borrow upon some of my diamonds, in order to defray my present expences, depending upon Mr. *Calcraft's* performing his promise, at the expiration of the time agreed.

But this was a trifling consideration, when placed in the scale against the loss of an invaluable friend, whom I loved, and I shall ever lament. But I was born to outlive those who loved me; and at this juncture I have not a friend upon earth, but such as humanity hath induced to be so; no chearful intimate, no person, in whose friendly bosom I can repose

repose my cares. Nor, were I possessed, through a reverse of fortune, of any unforeseen happiness, can I say that a being exists who would share my joy.

My departed friend had conceived an affection for the Duke of *Kingston*. The Duke encouraged the propensity for some time, but at length destroyed all her hopes of happiness by another attachment. With a constitution extremely delicate, and sentiments equally so, she could not, although endowed with more than a common share of good sense, suppress her passion. "Like a worm i' th' bud, it fed
"upon her damask cheek," and put an end to her existence.

By her will, she left his Grace a gold box, in the lid of which was her picture. It fell to my lot to deliver it to him: A commission that was rather awkward for me, as his Grace had been a professed admirer of mine, though not an *honourable* one, as my friend had fondly hoped he would have been to her. Having wrote to give the Duke information of his bequest, he called upon me to receive it. When I presented it to him, I told him, I wished there had been two pictures, that I also might have had the counterfeit resemblance of a person I loved so well. Upon which, his Grace instantly took out his penknife, and cutting the portrait from the lid, gave it me. Such a striking proof
of

of disregard for a woman's memory, whose life was in all probability contracted upon his account, affected me so much, that I left his Grace with contempt, to walk off with the box at his leisure.

One of the conditions Mr. *Calcraft* had entered into, that of not seeing me alone, he strictly adhered to. As fear is the sure concomitant of guilt, he dreaded my reproaches, and therefore carefully avoided me. Being secure that I should now keep my injuries a secret, he forgot the promise he had made relative to my debts. His principal object in pressing so vehemently my return, had been to save appearances; and that purpose was now answered. He therefore thought, as the solemn vows made to accomplish it were only known to myself and Mrs. *Sparks*, they might be dispensed with; and with regard to the culpability of breaking them, he would venture with *Macbeth* "to jump the life to come."—The man, by whom such solemn appeals are lightly thought of, no ties can bind, but those which correspond with his wishes. It is a dread of the laws of his country, and public shame, which alone keeps him honest. If these can be evaded, neither the fear of offending, by a breach of sacred vows, that Being in whose name they were made; the instigations of honour; nor the reproaches of conscience; can enforce the fulfilment

fulfilment of them.—I found to my cost this observation verified.

In return for Mrs. *Sparks's* great attention to me during my illness, I not only consented to play the "Mourning Bride" for his benefit, but I disposed of near two hundred gold tickets for him. As I had not played since it was reported that I had lost my lungs, and had been so often killed by the collectors of news for the papers, it was not to be wondered at that the house was crowded. But what excited a general amazement was, that my voice had never been more powerful. From the uncommon applause I received, the audience appeared to be well pleased. Nor was Mr. *Sparks* less so, the emoluments being very considerable.

As home was now grown hateful to me, I was never there but when our house was crowded with company. I loved music to excess, which brought me acquainted with all the capital performers, both vocal and instrumental. I went very often to *Frazer's* *, where one evening I met Lady *St. Leger*, mother to my late amiable friend Miss *St. Leger*, afterwards the wife of Colonel *Burton*, whom I have frequently mentioned in my preceding letters. The youngest daughter, Miss *Kitty*, boarded with her Ladyship; who, by means of her jointure, and

* One of the first fingers of that time.

an additional pension, obtained for her by Lady Harrington, was enabled to indulge herself in keeping a good deal of company.

Her Ladyship was one of the Irish second-rate women of fashion. She was very insolent at times, and not unfrequently vulgar. But to enable you to to acquire a knowledge of her character from her conduct, I shall present you with a little trait of her Ladyship, which will give you a much better view of it than any description of mine can do. Her husband, Sir *John St. Leger*, the Judge *Jefferies* of Ireland, had been remarkably severe to a number of poor wretches who were brought before him for committing depredations in that country. *Paul Liddy* was the captain of a banditti, who levied contributions in the part where the Knight lived, Among others, he wrote to Sir *John*, to inform him, that if he did not deposit a certain sum in the place he mentioned, at such a time, he would set fire to his house, murder him, and *ravish* his lady.

Shortly after, by the vigilance of the Knight, the Captain was taken, and closely confined in irons, in the Black-Dog prison. Lady *St. Leger* could not resist the curiosity of seeing a man, who had dared to make such a declaration. She accordingly went to the prison, where she was informed by the beautiful *Monica Gall*, a courtesan whom *Liddy* had married

ried, that he was too much indisposed to see any one. Upon which her Ladyship, with an insolence that reduced her below the level of the unhappy person she addressed, asked her, whether she was the villain's ———, or his wife? To which the other immediately replied, "I have the misfortune "to be his wife; the honour of being his ——— was "intended for your Ladyship."

Such was the elegant dame with whom I was now become acquainted. Her Ladyship, requesting I would be of her party the next evening, I accordingly went, and found there a great many people, but no company, except Lady *Harrington*. As we were frequently on parties together, I desired the pleasure of her Ladyship's company and her daughter's at *Hollywood*, to which they consented. When they were there, Captain *Shaftoe* told me to take care of the dame, as she possessed a great deal of art, under the masque of bluntness, I laughed at his surmises, and told him, that I should be obliged to any person who would take his comrade out of my sight. Our intimacy grew stronger; and I was surprised to hear that every thing I said, was repeated with exaggeration to Mr. *Calcraft*. This indeed did not displease me, as I most cordially hated the person, who had destroyed all my hopes of happiness, and the sight of whom caused my greatest misery.

As

As soon as my new acquaintances left Hollwood, I set off for Flushing in my way to Brussels, on my proposed visit to Mrs. *Child*. The visit I had intended to *Voltaire* was prevented by the death of my introducer, the Marquis de *Verneuil*. That accomplished nobleman, among other sciences, was skilled in alchemy. During a process on which he was very intent, an explosion happened which cost him his life. And in him I lost another valuable friend. Before I set off, I left a letter for Mr. *Calcraft*, who was from home, wherein I reminded him of his promise to pay my debts, the only trifling reparation he could make me for the baseness of his conduct.

When I arrived at Brussels, I found Mrs. *Child* encompassed with many of my intimates. The reception she gave me proved that my visit afforded her great satisfaction. She endeavoured, by every method in her power, to make the place agreeable to me, to induce me to forget the unhappiness that preyed upon my mind. The Elector of Cologne was captivated with this lady's beauty, and showed himself a Prince in munificence as well as in dignity.

I will here give you some account of the city of Brussels ; but, as it can only be a cursory one, if you wish for more particulars, I must beg leave to refer you to those who write professedly on the subject. This city deals in the number seven ; there are seven parishes,

parishes, seven capital streets, and they even descend to so minute a punctilio in this singularity, that there are but seven midwives in the place. Upon a remarkable high steeple, there is an image of St. *Michael* killing the dragon, in copper gilt. The palaces are magnificent; and there is a park, somewhat like that of St. James's.

The buildings in general are grand. The opera-house is the finest in Europe. You may travel for two-pence farthing an hour, in large covered boats called track-schuyts. These are drawn by one horse, and arrive at Brussels twice a day from Antwerp, returning each time. The most remarkable church here is that of St. *Gunbilda*. It is an old Gothic building, but finely ornamented within. There are many elegant monuments of illustrious princes in it. And, among many chapels, there is one, where they worship three Hosts, which, they say, were stabbed by a Jew, and actually bled. These are exposed, upon every festival, in a chalice richly adorned with jewels; and in the month of July there is an annual procession in memory of this stabbing. The inhabitants of Brussels value themselves upon having entertained, at one time, seven crowned heads.

In this agreeable place I should have spent three happy months, but for corroding care. Reflection obtruded itself, at times, and imbittered my most cheerful hours. And the very idea of returning and
entering

entering once more the doors of my deserted mansion made me the most miserable of human beings.

From Brussels I went to Antwerp. I took the opportunity of visiting that place, in order to make enquiries relative to the late Mr. Sykes's fortune, of his brother, who resided there. Upon my arrival, I learnt that Mr. Sykes, (who, besides his profession as a painter, kept a jeweller's and bijou shop) having had an invitation from the Duke de Berry, in order to make some alterations in his Grace's gallery, was gone to Paris. Some other great personage taking offence at Mr. Sykes's giving the Duke the preference to himself, had procured a *Lettre de cachet* against him. And as he was one day at the coffee-house, an exempt took him aside, and desired he would take an airing with him, in a coach which stood at the door, as far as the Bastile. It would have been in vain for him to resist, and equally as vain to enquire the reason. He had only time to request of a gentleman of his acquaintance, who was in the room, to let his wife know of the disaster. This his friend did; and it had such an effect upon her, that she lost her senses in consequence of it. Such being their unfortunate situation, it was much feared neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sykes would ever return to their family more.

I was likewise informed, that the States General had taken possession of the late Mr. Sykes's effects at the Hague, which he had bequeathed to me; so that

I had

I had nothing further to hope from that quarter. As disappointments of this nature, from my want of knowing the value of money then, made but a transient impression on my mind, I received the information with becoming fortitude. And as it had never been in my possession, the loss sat the more lightly on me.

G. A. B.

LETTER LXIX.

June 28, 17—.

THE beauty of the city of Antwerp, and the many curiosities it contains, determined me to stay a few days in it. On these, also, I shall content myself with giving you a few cursory and unconnected observations. The cathedral, which is dedicated to the *Virgin Mary*, is a noble pile of building; and the steeple of it is a beautiful piece of architecture. There are thirty-three bells and two chimes in it, with a clock; together with a cross at the top, of an incredible height. The stadt-house is well worth viewing; as is Mere-street, wherein a brazen crucifix is placed upward of thirty feet high. There are twenty-two spacious squares in Antwerp. The number of streets I cannot recollect, but they are wide and numerous.

The

The churches are decorated with many capital pictures, by *Rubens*, and likewise by *Quintin Matsys*, a blacksmith, who commenced painter, in order to obtain for wife the daughter of a painter, who would give her hand to no person but one of his own profession. At the entrance of the cathedral, is placed an effigy of this true votary to the God of Love, with an inscription implying that love made a blacksmith an *Apelles*. The chapel of the Virgin, adjoining to the great church, is magnificent to a degree. The town is defended by a strong citadel erected by the Duke d'*Alva*, which commands not only the town, but the adjacent country. The people value themselves much upon their city's being the birth-place of *Abraham Ortelius*, the great geographer.

I do not recollect in my whole life to have been ever struck with such a reverential awe, as on entering the cathedral. My curiosity was scarcely gratified, when I saw a woman fix her eyes attentively upon me. Mrs. *Walker*, (formerly Mrs. *Delany*,) who had been my companion in this tour, was alarmed at the circumstance, from the remembrance of the incident I have already mentioned relative to Sir *Charles Hanbury Williams*. As we could see only the eyes of the phantom, which were large and wild, the rest of her person being enveloped in a large capoto, there was some room for her apprehensions.

Having

Having enquired of the servant that attended us, if I was not Miss *Bellamy*, upon his answering, Yes! she burst into an agony of tears, and cried out "*Oh!*" "my sister!" The church was crowded. And as the exclamation *Oh!* conveys the same idea in every language, the congregation supposed I had some how or other given offence to the person from whom it proceeded. Upon this they gathered round me, in order to learn the cause; and I was apprehensive, to punish me for behaving ill in a place of divine worship; for my being better dressed than those around me, would have pleaded, I found, in my disfavour. But on the servant's informing them it was only a beggar, they immediately vanished: For the people of that country look upon poverty as contagious, and leave the relief of it to strangers.

When the crowd was dispersed, the person who had occasioned their notice stood silent, waiting for me to speak first; I therefore enquired who she was? She told me her name was *Biddy Kendal*, the daughter of Mrs. *Kendal*, whose assemblies I had frequented when I was in Dublin, and to whom I had been so kind. In one of my early letters to you I have mentioned this family. I recollected her immediately, and requested to know what was become of her sister *Betty*. Upon my repeating that name, she eagerly took hold of my hand, saying with the true Irish accent, "Come and see, my dear, I hope she is

“ alive, though you will bless her poor eyes, which
“ are almost blind with crying.” She at the same
time requested I would not go in a carriage, as she
wished to avoid observation, and it would be im-
possible for a coach to get up to the door. She
might have spared this part of her request, as I had
not a carriage there.

We then went out of the church, and, after many
turnings and windings, arrived at the place of our
destination. But such a wretched habitation I could
not suppose to have been within the limits of that opu-
lent and beautiful city. We went up something like
a ladder into this receptacle of misery. And such a
scene never presented itself to my view before. The
first thing which struck my eyes was the corpse of a
man, covered over with a rug ; a most shocking
sight indeed to me. A little further, upon a wretched
pallet sat a skeleton of a woman, with scarcely any
covering, wringing her hands, apparently in the most
extreme anguish. Never did I behold a more per-
fect picture of despair. By her lay an infant seeming-
ly in the gasp of death ; and another in rags, about
nine or ten years old, was warming something in a
pipkin over a few charcoal embers which were in an
earthen chaffing-dish ; whilst the tears trickled down
its cheeks.

I stood for some moments overwhelmed by the hu-
mane emotions that rushed impetuous from my heart :
a heart,

a heart, as susceptible of the ills of others as of my own. The woman likewise seemed to sit absorbed in grief, and did not appear to observe us. Upon which, her sister going up to her, said, "Take comfort *Betty*; "here is Miss *Bellamy* come to see you!" Without making any reply, she stared wildly, and instantly fell backward, to all appearance dead. Before I came in, I had sent my servant for some refreshments for them; of which having partaken, the person I thought dying soon recovered; and, to my great surprize, seemed now to be altogether as cheerful as she had a few minutes before been oppressed with misery. And what was more extraordinary, did not take the least notice of the poor clay-cold corpse which lay near her. And fearing to renew her agonies, I took care not to turn my eyes towards it.

My introductions now informed me, that her sister, having married an officer in the Irish brigade, was, with her husband and brother, shipwrecked, and that she had reason to fear they both perished: That she had the misfortune, by this event, to lose the whole of her property; but her life, and those of her two children, had been saved by one of the mariners, the person there lying dead, who was a native of Antwerp: That with great humanity the man had brought them to that lodging, where he had parted with his last stiver for their subsistence: And that the inconveniencies he had experienced, from letting her sister have the

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lodging,

lodging, had brought on an ague, of which he had died that morning.

Biddy Kendal added, that a lady of quality having wrote to her to come to Spa, to be her companion, upon her arrival at Flushing she found a letter, acquainting her with the distressed situation of her sister. Excited by humanity, as well as the calls of consanguinity, she had come to Antwerp; where she had expended every shilling, and parted with most of her cloaths, to support the unfortunate family. She concluded with telling me, that they were under great apprehensions, from not being able to inform the proper officers of the death of her sister's preserver; and likewise from the fear of being turned into the street penniless.

I was afraid, before I received this information, that the dead man had been Mrs. *Bramsted's* husband, (that was the name of the woman) so that I was not so much concerned when I found it was the mariner, who was a single man, and now gone to receive the reward of his humanity. The servant, who attended me on my tour, was an Italian by birth. He had formerly lived with me in England, but preferred travelling as *valet du voyage*, with persons who visited the continent. Upon this occasion I called him in, and consulted him on what could be done. He told me he knew a person in the suburbs, who, he believed, would accommodate the family. And

as

as for the dead corpse, a countryman of his worked for a person belonging to the police, to whom he would apply relative to the interment of it. This being approved of, my servant immediately set out, to carry the plan he had proposed into execution.

Whilst he was gone, I could not help taking notice, that gratitude did not make a part of those two ladies' good qualities. They appeared insensible to the fate of their benefactor, and shewed themselves true Irishwomen, by attending only to their own interest. I was so disgusted at the discovery of these selfish sentiments, that I proposed taking my leave as soon as possible. And this I accordingly did, when my servant returned, who had agreed for board and lodging for the whole family at twelve ducats per month.

When I was going away, Mrs. *Bramsted* asked me if I recollected my little favourite *Sally French*? Upon my telling her I did, she said, "She is much in the same situation with myself; only love engrosses her heart, and the cares of the world mine. When she has been married so long as I have, she will not be such a fool." If I was not much pleased before with the sentiments of my new-found friends, this did not give me a better opinion of them. She then proceeded to inform me, that the unfortunate girl she had mentioned had been induced to leave her uncle, on whom

was all her dependence, by an officer who was going to join his regiment in Flanders. In his way he had called at Antwerp, to see a relation, a widow, who kept an hôtel there. By this relation he was prevailed upon to desert his fellow-traveller; which he accordingly did, early one morning, leaving only a letter for her, wherein he informed her, that she must now shift for herself. My informant concluded, by telling me, that Miss *French* was now become a prey to grief and despair; that she had refused all sustenance, and seemed determined to put an end to her miserable life, as an atonement for her folly.

As soon as I was told where I could find this unfortunate young girl, I hastened to her, leaving the sisters and children to go to their new residence; as their happiness seemed to centre merely in themselves. As I had not seen Miss *French* for many years, and she was very young when I knew her, it was hardly possible for me to recollect her; yet as I had been uncommonly fond of her, and there was no very material alteration in my figure, she readily recognized me.

I found the unhappy girl in a decent apartment, and was struck with her appearance. She was indeed the most beautiful creature I ever saw. Her person was tall, and there was a dignity about her that commanded awe, as well as admiration. She knew my voice

voice the moment I spoke, and thus accosted me, in a faint accent, "How good are you, my dear Madam, to notice the most wretched being upon earth!" I desired her to compose herself; telling her, that I feared there were very many as wretched as herself; and that she ought to esteem herself happy, that her seducer had left her before she had a young family. I then informed her that I was come to take her away with me. You may be sure she did not hesitate to accept of my offer. Her countenance, which had just been overclouded with grief, began to assume a cheerfulness; and the smile that succeeded, put me in mind of the sun shining through an April shower. There being little to settle, as the wretch had paid for every thing previous to the day he had abandoned her, which was about a month, and grief had been the chief of her subsistence since, she was soon ready to accompany me.

I fear I have tired you with a relation of these two long stories. But as they are so interwoven with the circumstances of my life, and make a part of my adventures, I thought it necessary to insert them.

G. A. B.

July 3, 17—.

IT is impossible to describe to you the insolence of the people belonging to the hôtels in this city, or the exorbitance of their charges. Upon our return to that at which we had put up, I found the hostess greatly offended that I had not ordered dinner before I set out in the morning to view the place. Indeed, I had totally forgot the circumstance. And the two *rencontres* I had met with, during my absence, had prevented my returning in time to do so.

As soon as I entered the hôtel, I ran into a room, the door of which stood open, where an object presented itself to my view, that terrified me greatly. A large crucifix stood in a niche, opposite the window, and upon which a lamp reflected a dimly glimmering light. By this deceptive light the figure appeared to be animated; and my fancy, aided by my fears, represented it to my imagination as writhing in the agonies of death. My screams, upon beholding this spectacle, alarmed the whole house. Among the rest, appeared the good hostess, who upon learning the occasion, coolly replied, I was not the first that had been terrified at the sight: but people who were so timorous,

timorous, ought to burn lights constantly in the room they sat in. To which she added, with the most insolent air imaginable, "I should not think indeed
" of persons taking up apartments in an hôtel, without ordering what is necessary. But it shall make
" no difference ; for I shall charge both meals together." This she accordingly did. And upon my attendant's finding fault with the enormous charge, she told him with a supercilious smile, that it was well *he* had demurred instead of *me* ; for if *I* had done it, she would have doubled the sum.

Could you have conceived such treatment possible in so large and populous a city ? After paying this bill, I found I had but a few ducats left ; which would go but a little way towards such unreasonable demands as I was here subject to. And what was to be done I knew not. I had nothing of value with me, being in mourning, but my watch, and an Agnes Dei, which had a diamond of some cost at the top of it. As the people of Antwerp are bigots to a degree, I thought I could readily dispose of the latter. This I determined to do, and immediately to set out for the Hague. In order to accomplish my plan, I called in my travelling attendant, who told me there would be no necessity for my disposing of the jewel, as he

could procure me any sum I stood in need of, for my draft upon England.

This he did, and it happened very fortunately ; as the poor girl I had taken under my protection became so extremely ill, that I was obliged to postpone my journey upon her account. The grief she had imbibed through the falsehood of her lover ; the remains of affection for him ; together with the sudden transition from the deepest despair, to the relief my notice afforded her ; were, all united, too strong for her delicate frame ; and she sunk under the accumulated burthen. I was so long detained at Antwerp by this incident, that I found it necessary to defer my visit to the Hague ; especially as I had received a letter from England, informing me that the theatre was to open early in September.

From the situation of mind I was in with regard to Mr. *Calcraft*, I could have wished never to return. My home was become so hateful to me, that nothing could have induced me to revisit it, but the impulses of maternal affection, and the certainty of finding all my pecuniary affairs settled. I, however, at length, set out on my return, but we were obliged to travel very slowly, as Miss *French*'s indisposition increased daily : and to so great a height had it attained in a fortnight, that, from the inexpressibly beautiful form I have already described, she was become a frightful skeleton.

Upon

Upon my arrival in England, I was distressed beyond measure at finding that *Calcraft*, who was then at Marlborough, had not kept his promise as to my debts. Having depended upon him, I had not thought it necessary to acquaint my creditors with my going abroad, which I should otherwise have done, as some of them were rather uneasy, having heard we were not upon the best terms. It therefore became needful to make my engagement at the theatre, which I had lately entered into, publicly known in the newspapers. This was sufficient to quiet the apprehensions of those to whom I was indebted; but it was not satisfactory to me. I was much mortified at being obliged to have recourse to such duplicity.

Upon this occasion I applied for advice to my constant friend at Somerset-house, Lady *Tyrawley*; and her ladyship encouraged me to form a resolution to quit his house, if Mr. *Calcraft* did not pay my debts. When he returned to town from Marlborough, dreading the eclairsissement which he expected would take place between us, he pretended to be ill. At least I thought his indisposition to be only pretence; for when a person is once found guilty of a deception, we are apt to suspect all their actions.

Nothing is so dreadful to a liberal mind, as being obliged to solicit a favour from a person, to-

wards whom, for some reason or other, we entertain a dislike. Cruel necessity, however, now compelled me to do this. Yet as I always esteemed a promise a debt ; and most of those obligations I wanted him to discharge were entered into upon his account, I thought I had a right to *demand* from Mr. *Calcraft* the fulfilment of his. I therefore went down to the office one day, and with more warmth than he had ever seen me animated by before, insisted on his performing this part of his agreement. I upbraided him for the neglect of it, in such a determined manner, that there remained no room for him to doubt, of my immediately quitting his house, if my demand was not complied with.

He urged in his defence, that he had lost a great deal of money ; that he had purchased two estates ; and that he had expended considerable sums for Lord *Granby*. Through these united drains, he said, he was really distressed. He told me, he had been in hopes that Miss *Meredith's* legacy had made me tolerably easy, as it was seventeen hundred pounds, without the jewels. I reminded him of the debt for twelve hundred pounds which was to be deducted out of it. And I then informed him, that I believed I owed, besides, about three thousand or somewhat more, but *Clifford* was a better judge

judge than myself, of the particulars. I concluded with assuring him that I *would* have them paid.

He shook his head, and said it was a large sum; but if I could put off the payment till my benefit, he would set me clear, upon my promising never more to incur any debts. I told him, I disliked conditions; but, if he would take off the rent charge from me of his brother and sister, I would consent. He must know, I continued, that this was no inconsiderable matter, as it was shameful in him to confine the expences of a young man, in so expensive a line as that of the guards, to his pay; and a young woman, who was obliged to appear as a gentlewoman, to fifty pounds a year. I then delivered him a bill of *Woodfield's* for wine, which was had when I kept the house, and wine was not to be included in the articles I was to pay for. He immediately called for a check, and gave me a draught upon his banker for the *sum*. This I delivered instantly into the hands of Mr. *Willis*, the clerk who brought the check, and desired he would call and discharge the bill. It was accordingly discharged the same day. My mind now was somewhat easier. Notwithstanding which, as I could not entertain any less disgustful sentiments of the
master

master of the house, home was still as hateful as ever to me.

Upon my return from the Continent, I found that my new acquaintance, Miss *St. Leger*, was married, and at variance with her mother. This prevented our ever meeting, but once upon a very disagreeable occasion; and being obliged, some time after, to desire the Lady to be silent, one night at the Theatre, when she was too vociferous.

About this time, Lady *Caroline Keppel* was taken dangerously ill; which threw her whole family, as well as Lady *Caroline Fox*, into the greatest distress. That amiable young lady was ordered, like myself, to Bristol *to die*; but she was almost as miraculously restored to health there as I had been. Mr. *Adair*, who had afterwards the happiness of calling Lady *Caroline* his wife, declared upon this occasion, that he really thought that Lady and myself *immortal*; as it was not in the power of such severe indispositions as we had both been afflicted with, to destroy us. He however found to his cost that her ladyship was mortal. For she fell a sacrifice a short time after to her affectionate regard for her sister, Lady *Tavistock*. Impelled by that to accompany her sister to Portugal, before she herself was recovered from an illness under which she had laboured,

boured, her anxiety, and her unremitting care of the dear lady she attended, robbed her also of her life; a life which was esteemed invaluable by all who had the happiness of knowing her.

My theatrical expectations, this season, were far from pleasing. Most of those ladies who had usually honoured me with their encouragement at the Theatre being either indisposed, gone abroad, or dead, it made a material difference in my situation, and foreboded but an indifferent season. My political connections seemed to present me with a prospect no less discouraging. Mr. *Fox* *injudiciously* accepted the seals. I say *injudiciously*, because in that office he would be circumscribed. It was with great difficulty he was persuaded to accept of them. And a very remarkable circumstance attended it. He was *three times* minister, and as often a private gentleman, in *twenty-four hours*.

The War-Office most severely felt his translation; as there never was a person in any department of the state that acquitted himself with more credit, or gave more universal satisfaction. His attention extended even to the minutest affair, and was unremitting. No officer had occasion to levee him twice. Upon their first application, he immediately informed them whether their expectations could be answered.

It must naturally be supposed that a person of Mr. *Fox's* great political genius, and unlimited understanding

standing could not feel himself happy in a situation where he was cramped by a man possessed of no other qualification but that of knowing how to give a good dinner. It was too late for him, however, to retract, when he had once yielded to the ill-timed persuasions which over-ruled his judgment; and he found himself obliged to baffle through the blunders daily committed by his coadjutor. The administration he was engaged in, was, besides, unfortunate. A chain of unforeseen events, exclusive of the unlucky naval disappointment, and the fatal catastrophe which afforded Mr. *Pitt* occasion to give so striking a specimen of his eloquence, tended to make it so.

Mr. *Calcraft's* ambition took the alarm on his *not* being appointed secretary to his patron. That gentleman gave the secretaryship to his nephew, the honourable Mr. *Digby*; to *Calcraft's* great disappointment and vexation. The ties of gratitude, notwithstanding its uncommonly forcible claims from him, were greatly weakened in his breast upon this occasion. He could not conceal his disgust. Upon my remonstrating with him on the subject, and representing to him how unqualified he was to sit in Parliament, I discovered that he had pleased himself with the thoughts of making a figure in St. Stephen's chapel. To evade the regulation which prevented agents from sitting in the house, I found, he proposed making over the agency for his regiments to his two

principal clerks, reserving the greatest part of the emoluments to himself.

When I heard this, I could not refrain from being a little sarcastic, I told him, I made no doubt but that he would know, when he got into the house, which side to take his seat on ; yet, in my opinion, he was totally disqualified from being any thing more than a *Yea and Nay Man*. He was much offended at the supposition, and made me the following *sensible and florid* reply : " I am young enough to learn. I have been *Fag* long enough, and will not be any body's slave " no longer." I know not which surprised me most, his insolence, his phraseology, or his absurdity ; and I could not withhold from saying, that I was sorry I had taken any pains to prevent his appearing to the world, the most ungrateful monster in the universe. That he must expect, if he proceeded in his foolish schemes, to be detested by every rational being. And I could not help concluding my animadversions with repeating that expressive line of Dryden's,

He that's ungrateful has no crime *but one*.

As I had collected, whilst I thus addressed him, all the contempt and indignation an offended woman could call to her aid, in my manner, look, and voice, he shuddered as if a gorgon had presented itself to his view, and for the time, seemed to adopt my opinion.

But

But his behaviour afterwards proved, that this confession was only designed as a masque to hide his intentions from me, and to free himself from my future rebukes.

The seeds of that foulest of the mental imperfections, ingratitude, were thickly sown in his heart. — As Timon says of his friends, “The fellow had his ingratitude in him hereditary.”—I dare say, the sweet song of the immortal master of the passions, upon this subject, *Blow, blow, thou winter's wind*, occurs to your memory here, as it does to mine. — Nothing can be more applicable—“The winter's wind is not, indeed, so unkind as man's ingratitude —its tooth is not so keen, because it is not seen although its breath be rude—nor do the freezings of the bitter sky bite near so nigh as benefits forgot.”

G. A. B.

LETTER LXXI.

July 11, 17—.

I STAND corrected.—I have, indeed, more than once received your approbation of my degressive fallies.—I have likewise been honoured with your express injunctions to pursue my little wanderings
from

from the beaten track of narrative, on condition that I do not keep out of the road so long as to lead the imagination too far from the principal subject.— Thus encouraged, I will not again apologize, but suffer my pen to take its course.—*Allez vous donc, ma plume.*

Every thing now conspired to add to my vexatious situation. And these constant agitations of mind impaired my health; so that I was but seldom able to make my appearance at the theatre. The death of Miss *French* also affected me much, notwithstanding it was an event to be expected; and it would have been cruelty to wish a life prolonged, which, from the corroding reflections and delicate sensations it must always have been a prey to, could never hope for tranquillity. This once sweet and lovely girl expired without a groan, one day as we sat at dinner. Upon this occasion I might, with propriety, once more make use of *Gay's* descriptive phrase, and say, that “She bow’d her head and died.”

From this incident, I am convinced, that it is situation which often causes the effect. Sensations receive their birth rather from circumstances than from the events themselves. For, as there was an irremovable bar placed between this young lady and happiness, had she expired in her apartment, it would not have excited either surprize or grief. But to make her exit during the conviviality of the festive board,

board, was so unaccustomed an accident, that it threw a damp upon the surrounding spectators, and greatly added to the horror naturally attendant on the dissolution of a human being. I afterwards learned, that the wretch, to whose villainy this fair flower owed her untimely fall, was broke for cowardice. A certain proof, that none but dastards can treat a weak, defenceless, unsuspecting, believing woman, with such inhumanity.

Besides the distress I experienced in my family, the ill success of public affairs gave me equal uneasiness. *Baiting* a minister was no uncouth thing; but the most palpable falsehoods were not wanting to calumniate the present. Mr. *Fox* was made accountable for the errors of others. It had been thought necessary to engage foreign troops for the internal defence of the kingdom. This was a spacious field for the great orator to rove in, and give free scope to his unbridled power of eloquence. Among other unhackneyed expressions, he made use of the following:—he wished the motion might prove a mill-stone about the mover's neck, to drag him to the lower regions. The event of the measure is well known.

At length, worn out with repeated disappointments and incessant abuse, this great man resigned the seals. Had he been permitted to act alone, as his
successor

successor was, I have no doubt but he would have guided the helm with as much success as he did.

Mr. Pitt now adopted the very plan that his predecessor had been stigmatized for. *America was to be conquered in Germany.* Upon a motion he made in the house for that purpose, Mr. Fox arose, and said, "I am happy the Right Honourable Gentleman has retracted the opinion he has hitherto maintained. And I sincerely wish, that what he hoped would prove a mill-stone about my neck, might become a brilliant, equal, if not superior, to that of his namesake *, to grace his hat withal." The manner, in which this wish was delivered, added greatly to the thought. It seemed to point out the variable-ness of Mr. Pitt's political tenets, in direct opposition to his own, which had been always invariable, and fixed as the needle to the pole.

I now grew weary both of my political attachments and my theatrical engagements. And at the conclusion of the season, I proposed retiring to the continent, as I made no doubt of Mr. Calcraft's paying my debts. But in this expectation I was once more disappointed. For as soon as the season was over, he waited upon Lady Tyrawley, and informed her, that a very great loss had put it out of his power to exonerate me from my debts at present. He

* Governor Pitt, commonly called *Diamond Pitt*.

therefore

therefore requested her Ladyship to intercede with me to have patience till the ensuing season. He then offered to join with me in a bond to *Sparks* for the four hundred pounds I owed him.

I supposed he had received a list from *Clifford* of the whole of my debts ; but as he never purposed to pay them, he deemed that an unnecessary trouble. As I could not imagine that he would endeavour to impose a falsehood upon any lady who was herself a miracle of truth, I submitted to his proposal, and joined in the execution of the bond to Mr. *Sparks*, which has never been paid to this hour.

I now borrowed two thousand pounds upon my jewels, of *Bibby* a pawnbroker, in Stanhope-street, Clare-market ; and adding this to the money I had received at my benefit, paid my creditors as far as it would go ; reserving only two hundred pounds for the exigences of my intended journey to the Hague. I had been prevented, as I have already informed you, from visiting that place last summer, and I now was determined to do it. I was the more anxious to quit the kingdom, as company was grown disagreeable to me. My spirits were so depressed, that I could not keep up the ball of conversation as usual. At the same time I did not wish to have my dejection perceived, lest it should lead to a suspicion of the cause. I could not bear the thoughts that my situation should be even guessed at. I was as cautious in
this

this respect as if I myself had been guilty of the cruel deception, which had been practised upon me—as if the unhappiness I laboured under proceeded from *my own* imprudence, and not the villainy of *another*.

I set out according to my intention for Holland, and arrived at Amsterdam, without any circumstance occurring worthy of relating. In this city I was advised, by my former travelling attendant, *John*, who likewise accompanied me during my present tour, to make a stay of a few days. As I repeated to you a few of the observations I made in my last excursion, and they met with a favourable reception, I shall do the same now.

Amsterdam is a very populous place. The houses are handsomely built, and the streets are remarkably clean. There are many churches of all persuasions in it, but none are permitted the use of bells, but those belonging to the Calvinists, which is the established religion. The chapels amount to twenty-seven. Among these, there is a kind of monastery, the nuns of which are not confined to the strict rules of others, but allowed to marry, if they please. The air of the city is far from being pure, owing to the fogs that frequently obscure it.

The current coin is guilders, in value about two shillings. The industry of the inhabitants is incredible. To see a person idle in Amsterdam, would be a miracle. The trade of this place is greater
than

than that of any other port in Europe, the vast commerce which is carried on by the Dutch to the East Indies centering here. It abounds with hospitals, besides which there are boxes, for the benefit of the poor, hung up in different parts of the city, the produce of which is distributed every quarter of a year by the overseers. The playhouses pay half their profits to the indigent.

The exchange is one of its greatest ornaments. The gates of the city are shut up every night at a quarter past twelve, and every person coming in after that hour, pays an additional penny for the poor. The houses of correction are worth viewing. Those who are confined in them, rasp or saw Brazil wood. And the indolent are punished in a very extraordinary manner, they are shut up into a place, into which the water flows, so that they are obliged to pump incessantly to preserve themselves from drowning. Their public schools are much talked of, but I had not an opportunity of viewing them. There are four sluices which open into the Wye, where there are beautiful walks planted with trees. And on the Wye there is one, which commands a very extensive prospect. In different parts of the city, are a great number of mills for sawing of wood, for polishing of marble, and for making gunpowder, &c.

Here we resided a week. But the length of our residence was more owing to the badness of the weather,

weather, than to any prepossession in favour of the place. For the people are too busy to be civil. And though, from the extensiveness of its trade, Amsterdam might justly be styled the grand cenforium of commerce and opulence, yet I never was in any place that I would *not* prefer to it as the place of my abode.

At the Hague you get, as it were, into another world, there the people are altogether as polite; and particularly so to strangers. Many of the streets and public places are spacious and airy. The buildings, in general, are grand, and the air is pure. This I experienced as soon as I approached it, as I had found a difficulty in breathing at Amsterdam. I had letters of recommendation to Mr. *Van Helt's* family, which made my stay at the Hague very agreeable.

The palace at Opdam is the most magnificent. The Prince of Orange has a house here, but it is not, in my opinion, equal to that of the Deputies of Amsterdam. The town-house is a very handsome building. In the front of it is a motto in Latin, which means, that it is not in the power of *Jupiter* himself to please every one. The great church fronts the town-house, which has nothing belonging to it to excite curiosity, but a very high steeple. The principal street, called the *Prince Graft*, is most beautiful indeed. A fine canal, adorned with trees

runs through it. The buildings are sumptuous, and are chiefly inhabited by people of quality.

The environs are pleasant, particularly the wood, which is situated at a little distance from the town, and where there is a palace belonging to the Prince of Orange. They have a legend here, that *Margaret*, daughter of the Count of Holland and Zealand, was delivered of three hundred and sixty-five children at a birth. I resided in this delightful town six weeks; and the great civilities I received during that time, are still imprinted on my memory. Excuse this cursory, unconnected account of the places I visited. You will readily perceive that the observations were made, and are now written, in haste.

Upon my return to *England*, I was invited to engage once more with Mr. *Rich*. But *Barry* being gone to Ireland, I did not choose to hazard the reputation I had gained on the stage, by playing to empty benches. I, accordingly, as I made no doubt of my debts being soon paid by Mr. *Calcraft*, declined any agreement. My health was perfectly established, but a gloom had taken possession of my mind that I could not get rid of. I flew to dissipation for relief; but that proved a vain resource, especially as the cause of that gloom resided under the roof with me—*Dissipation* ever proves a vain remedy for a wounded mind—It might, Indeed, (If I may be allowed to use the word when speaking of an immaterial substance)

stance) *cicatrize* the wound; spread over it a seeming healthy skin, and give a delusive glow to the countenance; but under these appearances, the ailment will still rankle, and need a different treatment. Sufferings are alone to be alleviated by a patient resignation to the will of heaven; and the only cure for them is *Hope*.

I had an offer, about this time, from Mr. *Woodward*, of joining Mr. *Barry* and himself at their theatre, Crow-Street, Dublin, in which they had a joint concern. This gentleman was indiscreet enough, upon some trifling quarrel with Mr. *Garrick*, to embark a fortune of eleven thousand pounds in a theatrical adventure with *Barry*, who not only was without a shilling, but greatly incumbered with debts. As the first step towards getting rid of his money, a new theatre was to be built.

Mr. *Mossop* had engaged another theatre there in opposition to theirs. And as I had been so caressed and flattered at Dublin, in my younger days, it was naturally to be supposed, that the success I had since met with on the London theatres, would enhance my value, and make me a desirable acquisition to any house I should appear at. In answer to Mr. *Woodward's* application, which was by letter, I informed him, that at the distance of so many months I could not come to any resolution relative to his proposals;

but, if I visited Ireland, I would most certainly give him the preference.

G. B. A.

LETTER LXXII.

July 18, 17—.

AT this time, the celebrated Madam *Bruna* made a visit to England, in order to try if she could not recover some part of an estate her grandfather had forfeited in the reign of King *William*. The Marquis de *Abrio*, ambassador from the court of Spain, who had succeeded General *Wall*, was captivated by her voice. And as his Excellency was intimate at my house, and knew my passion for music, he introduced this lady to me. I was so fascinated by her musical powers, that every hour she could spare she complaisantly passed with me in Parliament-street.

Though *Shakespeare* says, “there’s nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage, but music for the time doth change his nature;” yet, as I have said before, *Calcraft* was an exception to this rule. He so disliked harmony, that, whenever the sound reached his ear, he directly went abroad. This, added to the gratification of my passion for music, induced me to have frequent concerts; and some of the first ladies honoured me with their company upon these occasions. This Syren was so much admired, that whenever she chose to enchant her hearers, the Spanish

Spanish ambassador's house, as well as mine, were crowded. I was now never at home, except when I had parties, which prevented Mr. *Calcraft* and me from meeting, but now and then at dinner.

On New Year's Day I had always a concert and ball. This year, Mr. *Calcraft*, in consideration of my not having any theatrical engagement, sent me a hundred guineas by the house-steward. I own I was greatly surprised at this unexpected fit of generosity. And, though it was very inadequate to the expences of the day, as I had the first performers at the concert, and a great number of ladies as visitors, together with the foreign ministers, I accepted of it. The unfortunate Count de *Bathmore*, minister from the court of Denmark, opened the ball with the Countess of *Harrington*. And the three young ladies, who vied with the three Graces, followed their lovely mother.

The night was spent in festivity, which was in a great measure owing to the absence of the master of the mansion. He had, as I afterwards learned, formed, at this time, a connection with a lady who had been my most intimate acquaintance. It was with some degree of surprize, that I heard every thing I said of Mr. *Calcraft* repeated with exaggeration by my woman. She was perpetually throwing out hints of his new engagement. But as his amours could not concern me, I turned a deaf ear to them. In

these repetitions there were many *unnecessary* exaggerations. For as my aversion to him was confirmed, and I always valued myself upon my sincerity, what I said of him needed no addition.

When I went to my own apartment, after the ball, *Clifford*, who was ready to burst with the secret, wished me joy of the hundred guineas. To which she added, that her master had been much afraid I should not have had my usual entertainment that day. Upon my enquiring why; she said, if I had not, he would have been deprived of the opportunity of keeping his assignation with my good friend, mentioning her name. At first I laughed at the absurdity of the supposition; but upon her still persisting in it, I grew angry; as the person she mentioned was a married woman.

At length, she informed me, that if I would be at the pains to convince myself of the truth of what she had told me, I might very soon do it; as she knew their place of rendezvous, and would attend me. With regard to the gentleman, he had my free permission to engage himself wherever he thought proper. But as the lady had enjoyed my confidence, and been mistress of every thing I possessed, I could not so easily reconcile myself to her treachery. I was now no longer at a loss to account for the many stories I had heard repeated to my disadvantage. But the perpetual round of engagements I was involved in,

in, made me forget for a time the information I had received.

One evening, however, *Clifford* came to me, and informed me, that if I would go to a certain house in Leicester Square, I might be satisfied of the truth of what she had told me, by being an eye witness to their meeting. I accordingly set out with her, and was convinced from ocular demonstration, that my female friend was one of the most worthless of women.

Mr. *Calcraft*, alarmed lest I should divulge the affair, which might bring on a prosecution from the injured husband, came directly home, in order to prevail upon me to be silent. But I was gone to Madam *Bruna's*; despising both the lady and the gentleman too much to trouble myself about them. Shame, avarice, and I have reason to believe, *disgust*, made him avoid me for some time after the discovery. But this I was not in the least displeased at, as I had come to a resolution to leave his house.

Notwithstanding what had happened, I entertained no doubt but that he would keep the promise he had so often made to me, and so solemnly repeated to Lady *Tyrawley*. During the last three months of my residing in Parliament-street, we did not meet above twice. At the expiration of the time when the money was to be paid, I went to my much-loved adviser at Somerset-house. Since I had informed that lady of my

real situation, she had redoubled her regard for me. My having been *deceived* into a connection with a man I could neither love nor esteem, secured me her compassion. As she saw that the uncertainty of my fate made me truly wretched, her ladyship advised me not to delay coming to an *eclaircissement*; and, if Mr. *Calcraft* prevaricated in the least, to quit the house immediately.

Though prudence dictated that it would not be proper to leave Parliament-street till he had fulfilled his promise, I resolved to set off the next morning for Bristol, if he made the *least* demur. I therefore, as soon as I returned from Lady *Tyrawley's* ordered *Clifford* to seal up the receipts of *Maisonneuve, Deard,* and *Lazarus*, the persons of whom I had purchased my jewels. These amounted to six thousand pounds, exclusive of those left me by Miss *Meredith*, and which as her legacy I could not part with. I further gave her directions to order a chaise and four to be ready at six o'clock and to pack up what would be necessary for my journey.

It was very uncommon for Mr. *Calcraft* and myself to dine alone. But we then fortunately sat down *tête-à-tête*. Mrs. *Walker*, who knew my intention, purposely absented herself upon the occasion. She was prepared as well as myself for the journey, as we neither of us had the least expectation of his performing
ing

ing his promise; notwithstanding Lady *Tyravley* was so sanguine.

There is not in nature so difficult a task, as to prevail upon one's self to solicit a favour from a being we hate. Even to receive an obligation *unasked* is disagreeable. To ask it was peculiarly grating to my mind, as pecuniary subjects were ever, as I have already informed you, discordant to my soul. These sentiments spread an unaccustomed gravity over my countenance. This could not pass unobserved by him: and he enquired whether; I was indisposed. Upon my answering, yes! he was good enough to ask of what nature my disorder was. To which I replied, "The very worst that can oppress a wretch; "I am overwhelmed with debt, and deceived beyond "a possibility of reparation."

He then commented upon my extravagance. Told me that my late hours affected my health, and consequently made me low spirited. Said that I enjoyed every pleasure the world could afford. And concluded with assuring me, that with regard to my debts, he would be satisfied I had some regard for him, before he parted with so capital a sum. After this, he muttered something I did not, at that time, well understand.

To all this I replied, that considering the terms we had been upon since I had discovered the cruel deception he had made use of to ruin me, he could not
possibly

possibly have any right to censure my conduct; nor did I think myself, in any shape, accountable to him. And as to regard for him, I neither had, nor ever could, profess what was foreign from my soul. I told him that what I now required of him, was only the performance of a promise, which I claimed as a debt; a promise which he ought to consider as binding, had *not* the bills to be discharged been for what was consumed in his house and by his company; but as he knew that to be really the case, it must certainly render the obligation stronger. I then demanded an immediate and positive answer.

To this, however, without any hesitation, he gave a negative.

Upon which, I very calmly, but bestowing upon him, at the same time, a smile of the most ineffable contempt, asked him if he would lend me the sum of two thousand four hundred pounds upon my jewels, which were pledged. I mentioned that sum, as the interest had accumulated, and I had no money to take me to Bristol. I then produced the duplicate. He made no objection to the advance of two thousand pounds, but the four hundred he demurred at. Less I told him would not do. At last he gave Mr. *Willis*, the clerk I have often mentioned, the money, upon my producing the jeweller's receipts.

When this was done, I requested that he would dispose of the jewels as soon as he could, and having
repaid

repaid himself the money he had now advanced, let me have the overplus to pay my creditors, as far as it would go ; for I could do very well with the diamonds I had, or without any, rather than be asked for money that was justly due. He gave me upwards of an hundred, and seemed very happy to have a deposit in his hands, worth three times the sum he had advanced. Nor was it the least part of his pleasure that he had made me easy at so cheap a rate.

The chaise came to the door at the time it was ordered ; and as my daughter was to return, the same evening to Camden House, where she went to school, Mr. *Calcraft* might naturally suppose the carriage was for that purpose ; but upon his observing four horses and a trunk behind, he remarked that this was unnecessary for so short a way. To which I replied, that I was going a great way ; for I proposed lying at Reading that night. And as the horses were my own, I certainly had a right to make use of them. At hearing this, his colour, which was generally very florid, became in an instant pale as death. He, however, handed me to the carriage with the most calm, and apparently unaffected indifference. I then bid him adieu ; We should never, *I hoped*, meet again.

When I got into the chaise, the sensations I felt could not be exceeded by those of a wretch reprieved from condign punishment. Though deeply involved
in

in debt, and without one pleasing prospect, I never in my life experienced such unimbittered joy. The parting from my daughter was indeed some abatement of it when I could collect my thoughts, but as I intended a speedy return, I hoped soon to see her again at the school, though not at her father's. And as I was accustomed to be separated from her, it was but a momentary pang.

At Salt-hill I met Mr. *Fox*, to whom I related the whole of what had happened. He blamed me for leaving the house before I was quite clear; and earnestly requested that I would return. He informed me that Mr. *Calcraft* had hinted at my having, for some time past, entertained a partiality towards another, and my quitting his house so suddenly, he said, would tend to confirm his suspicions. As I was conscious there was not the least foundation for such a surmise, it doubly incensed me against the entertainer of it; and determined me never to see or hold any communication with a man, who added calumny to the irreparable injuries he had done me: and that merely to avoid paying what in justice and equity he was obligated to do.

Permit me here to add to what I have already said on this subject, that I cannot help thinking our laws are very deficient, in not making a promise as valid as a bond.—As to myself, I esteem it much more binding. In the former I consider myself as
obliged

obliged to the person who accepts it, for placing a confidence in my honour. The sense of the obligation dwells upon my mind, and stimulates me to the performance of it. As in love or friendship we are obliged to the persons who think us worthy of their attention; so in a promise, I am doubly indebted to those who gave me credit for the fulfilling it.

Upon my arrival at Bristol, I received a letter from Mr. *Mossop*, with very advantageous offers. In my answer I informed him of my promise to Mr. *Woodward*, which obliged me to give him the preference. And soon after I wrote to Messrs. *Woodward* and *Barry*, to let them know that my terms would be a thousand guineas for the season, and two benefits. But receiving *no answer* from them, I accepted of Mr. *Mossop's* proposal, *upon the same terms*. That gentleman brought the agreement down to me, and the honourable Mr. *Beresford* was his surety.

When Mr. *Mossop* returned to London, he thought himself so happy in the acquisition he had made to his company, that he mentioned it every where. The news soon reached Mr. *Calcraft*. Alarmed at it, he wrote to Lord *Tyrawley*, who was then at Bath, requesting that he would come over to Bristol to me, and endeavour to prevail upon me to return to him.

He, at the same time, offered me, by his Lordship, a charte blanche. My good friend, *Quin*, and General *Honeywood*, attended his Lordship in this visit.

My

My Lord made use of every argument in his power, to influence me to accept of Mr. *Calcraft's* proposals. And my second father united his influence, which was not in the least abated, with that of his Lordship; but I was inflexible. I had not an opportunity of acquainting Lord *Tyrawley* with the real cause of this apparent obstinacy; but as the penalty of my engagement with *Mossop* was in the sum of two thousand pounds, I knew it was scarcely to be expected, that a man, who, instigated by avarice, had *repeatedly* broken the most solemn promises, would engage to pay such an additional sum.

But had he consented to make over to me the whole of his fortune, unless induced by my affection for my children, I would not have accepted of it. For though passion was but a bad excuse for the unpardonable deceptions he made use of to get possession of me, yet it was *some* excuse. Whereas no palliation could be urged for his meanness, and repeated breaches of faith; in not exonerating me from my debts. This had so deeply rooted my contempt for him, that whatever offers he could make, deserved, and received a rejection.

Before Lord *Tyrawley* and his companions left me, Mr. *Quin* laid me a wager of one hundred guineas, that I should not go to Ireland. Which, on his losing

loosing the wager, he afterwards sent me, without my reminding him of it; but what was of much greater value to me than the money; he accompanied it with a letter, containing assurances of his *unalterable* friendship. And, indeed, it only ended with his life.

G. A. B.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

